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THE WAR.

THE Russians are victorious at all points, and nothing, except perhaps the weather, impedes their further advance. General TODLEBEN is probably in the right if it is true that he has advised the EMPEROR and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to besiege and take the Danubian fortresses before he extends his operations beyond their present range; but political as well as military reasons will be taken into account; and it may be thought safer and more economical to extort an early peace than to follow the strict rules of warfare. It is also to be remembered that on the south of the Balkans the climate is milder, and the country richer. So far as subsistence could be obtained in Roumelia, the invading army would to a great extent be independent of the maintenance of its communications. The choice of a campaign in the North or the South, or of a practical suspension of operations during the winter, rests entirely with the Russian generals. Before the surrender of OSMAN PASHA, the Turks were outnumbered on the Lom, and on the road to Sofia; and General RADEZKY has now for many months held his position in the Shipka Pass. A force which probably numbers eighty thousand men fit for service is set at liberty by the capture of Plevna; and no opposition could be offered to the Russians if they thought fit to cross the Balkans in force. They have a choice of three or four passes by which they could repeat with more lasting effect the movement by which General GOURKO at the outset of the campaign turned the Shipka Pass. If the Russians advance, REOUF PASHA and the successor of MEHEMET ALI must retreat with all speed; and perhaps it may be necessary for them to abandon to the enemy all the territory between the mountains and Adrianople. The diversion effected by the Serbian army is not the less embarrassing because Prince MILAN's declaration of war is a shameless act of treachery and violence. If the Turks were at leisure to crush their new and contemptible enemy, any blow which might be dealt against Serbia would produce universal satisfaction among all who regard either the interests of peace or the sanctity of treaties. Unfortunately moral considerations have not the slightest effect on the result of war. The Serbians will render useful service to their patron who has summoned them to arms, by perplexing still further the calculations of the Turks.

The overtures of the Porte to the neutral Powers, in the form of an argumentative protest against an unprovoked invasion, have thus far produced no result. The document is plausible, if not convincing; but it has the fault of bearing no relation to the actual condition of affairs. Proclamations of equal rights to every subject of the SULTAN had been repeatedly issued before the war, and MIDHAT PASHA'S Parliament, now assembled in a new Session, had already illustrated the constitutional propensities of the Turkish Government. The authors of the new Circular cannot have persuaded themselves that the conqueror would accept the assurances which he rejected with contempt before the fortune of war had been tried. Even the neutral Powers, rightly or wrongly, demanded guarantees for the execution of Turkish charters, though their motive was perhaps rather to deter Russia from war than to benefit the Christian inhabitants of Turkey. It is equally useless to prove that the Russian invasion had not sufficient justification. As the Turkish Government well knows, the war had been long predetermined when the Bulgarian outrages first provided the invader

with a pretext. The only practical question is whether the military success which has been achieved is deemed sufficient to ensure the attainment of the objects of the war. Probably the EMPEROR and his advisers will deem it expedient to convince the Turks still more conclusively that, having nothing to hope from resistance, they must submit to the demands of the conqueror. Wrongful ambition, armed with due preponderance of strength, cannot fail of gratification. The balance of force would be shifted if the European Powers were disposed any longer to maintain the integrity or independence of Turkey; but Germany, and even Austria, are closely allied with Russia; and England, though friendly to Turkey, is unwilling, if not unable, to interfere. It is true that the summons to Parliament to meet before the usual time may suggest a different impression; but it must not be forgotten that LORD DERBY, SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, and Mr. CROSS have within two or three weeks deliberately repeated their former declarations of neutrality.

It is probable that the House of Commons may be asked to make an extraordinary grant for military and naval purposes, and it is certain that Russia is the only Power which can be regarded as a possible enemy; but it may be assumed that the Ministers will reconcile their language with any measure which they may adopt by confining their preparations and their future efforts to the objects which have been repeatedly specified as indispensable. Their anticipation of the usual period of the Session is in some respects unfortunate, though it will probably admit of justification. For an entire month uneasiness and alarm will be necessary results of uncertainty. The Ministers cannot take deputations or public meetings into their confidence on the eve of the Session. It will be generally supposed that some diplomatic secret awaits revelation; and any dangers which may impend are likely to be magnified by conjecture. LORD BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues cannot but have foreseen the advantage which the Opposition will derive from a month's monopoly of argument and declamation. Against the risk of misapprehension abroad they can perhaps sufficiently guard by diplomatic methods. It would be in the highest degree dishonourable to encourage the Turks by false hopes of aid; and, although there might be some advantage in intimating to Russia that there is a limit to English patience, measures which are not to be followed by acts are impolitic as well as undignified. The unexpected decision of the Cabinet may perhaps have been caused by the determination of Germany and Austria to reject the Turkish demand for mediation. The suggestion that the terms of peace should be negotiated with Russia alone is apparently equivalent to an announcement that the navigation of the Black Sea and the Dardanelles is no longer a matter of European concern. Treaties between Russia and Turkey ceased to have any validity as soon as the war began; but the Treaty of Paris which regulates the naval rights of foreign Powers in Turkish waters is still in force, except as far as it was modified by the later arrangement of 1871. Under the existing treaties England has diplomatic securities which cannot be surrendered by Turkey, even with the assent or connivance of the Continental Powers. To vindicate the right of protest and intervention it may perhaps have been necessary to take immediate precautions.

The proof which has been given that the alliance of the three EMPERORS still subsists may furnish the Government with an answer to the frequent complaint of

their alleged error in rejecting the Berlin Memorandum. At the time all parties professedly approved of Lord DERBY'S refusal to adopt a hazardous proposal, tendered in a form which amounted to an affront. The censure which has since been directed against the rejection of the scheme was an afterthought, founded on an imperfect recollection both of the substance and of the occasion of the Memorandum. The English Government had to decide on the instant whether the exclusive right of three potentates to settle the Eastern question should be acknowledged, and also whether an indefinite obligation to take further measures should be incurred. The objection would have been still more conclusive if it had been then understood that Germany and Austria were prepared both to dissolve existing treaties and to acquiesce in the destruction of the Turkish Empire. The motives which have induced Count ANDREASSY to abandon the traditional policy of Austria, and to disregard the national feeling of Hungary, are at present unintelligible. It would have been a grave error on the part of the English Government to approve by anticipation of a policy which would probably have involved a Russian occupation of the Turkish provinces, and consequently a war of invasion. It has been found impossible or dangerous to oppose the perpetration of a great crime; but it is better to be an unwilling spectator than an accomplice.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE announcement that Parliament is to meet on the 17th of January has naturally excited speculation as to the reasons which may have induced the Ministry to begin the Session earlier than usual. The Government must, it is thought, have some very strong resolve to announce, and is preparing to take some step for which it wishes to ask the concurrence of the nation. Even this is not simple enough as an explanation, and it has been suggested that Parliament is to meet, not to hear that the Ministry has come to a decision, but to hear that it has come to none, and seeks assistance in making up its wavering mind. There is no doubt some excitement about the war between Turkey and Russia, although it is perhaps of a factitious and artificial character. In spite of a general and well-founded confidence in the Cabinet, there are some, both among its friends and its enemies, who seem incapable of placing any reliance on it; and when a Ministry is distrusted, excited imagination can see in the moving of every straw some cause of hope or fear. Why the Ministry should not mean what it loudly and consistently proclaims that it does mean is not obvious. Nothing has happened to alter the circumstances in view of which it formed and proclaimed its decision. The fall of Kars and Plevna are very natural incidents of a war fought by the Russians with greatly superior forces in Armenia and Bulgaria. The Turks have hinted that they would be willing to make peace if such a peace as would cost Turkey nothing could be imposed on Russia by the dictation of the Great Powers. It is easy for our Government to ascertain, without assembling Parliament, whether the Great Powers are likely to unite for any purpose of the kind. For England the situation is just what it has been for months. We are pledged to remain neutral as long as certain specified English interests are not touched, and to do our best to aid in the restoration of peace whenever there may be a real chance of successful mediation. None of the specified interests have been directly and immediately threatened, and no opportunity of successful mediation has presented itself. It is probable enough that the Government may see reason to ask Parliament for money with a view to possible contingencies, but otherwise there is nothing more for England to do now than there was a month ago. The Cabinet has proclaimed in as vigorous and decisive terms as men could use that it will have nothing to do with a Turkish alliance. The Turks, as they chose to fight, must suffer all the consequences of war. Lord SALISBURY told them on behalf of England how they might ward off the war; and they paid no more attention to him than if he had been the man in the moon. On the other hand, we are to remain neutral; and we could not, as matters at present stand, forfeit our word by dropping down on some coveted point of Turkish territory and holding it in a semi-pacific way against all the world. When men like Lord DERBY and Lord SALISBURY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. CROSS, take every possible occasion of announcing that these and no other are

and have been their views, and have traced out a line of conduct which they have pledged their honour to maintain, it might have seemed beyond the perversity of faction to distrust them, or to affect to think that they are at any moment willing to break pledges which they have voluntarily given in the most solemn manner possible. There are some Liberals of the humbler sort who are ignorant enough to believe that Conservatives will do anything, however pitiful or weak; but far the larger part of the distrust manifested towards the Cabinet proceeds from those who patronize or befriend it, and who have been very much disappointed with the policy which it has adopted. It is they who urge that the Ministry must have some striking change of policy to announce when Parliament meets, and who believe, or seem to believe, because they hope, that the Government is now prepared to do what it has protested that it has not the slightest intention of doing.

The early meeting of Parliament is in all probability connected with the present state of things in the East, but the connexion may be one quite in harmony with the declarations of the Ministry. The Turks may resolve to fight through a second campaign, but they may not. Their first overture for peace may be the prelude to negotiations which would proceed on a basis acceptable to Russia and to Europe; or the Turks might even be willing to concede more to Russia than England or Europe could think it right should be conceded. There may, too, be great divisions of opinion among the Powers as to what should be the result of the war. It is possible that the whole Empire of Turkey in Europe may collapse, and that many eagles with many purposes may swoop down on the carcass. That Turkey should remain as an independent Power with no loss of territory, and be merely subject to some sort of mild European supervision, is one possible result of the struggle. It is a result which an adequate amount of Turkish victories might conceivably secure. But it is not so very probable an issue of the contest that English statesmen would be wise in regarding it as a certainty, and taking no heed of other contingencies. When we have said that Constantinople will not be left in possession of Russia, we have said nearly all that can be said without doubt. All else is wrapt up in darkness. The peace that Turkey could negotiate now might be very hard to obtain in three months, and utterly impossible to obtain in six months. If Turkey is not to retain its integrity and independence, it must lose some territory, and be in subjection to some one. Who is to share the spoils, and who is to be master of the vanquished? The claims of Russia will be certainly met by those of Austria, and probably by those of Italy and Greece. It is natural that England should not wish to be excluded from having her say when the settlement is made, and that, with this view, she should make special naval and military preparations. Things may go very fast as the end draws near. Russia—if successful, and able to treat with Turkey as a suppliant for mercy—will, it may be guessed, ask for some tangible fruits of her triumph. Austria may be offered, and have no choice but to accept, compensation. If Austria is to profit by the war without having taken part in it, Italy is likely to think she ought to have something too; and it must be remembered that, if the partitioning of Turkey once begins, a large portion of the population, including almost all the Mahomedans, would prefer living under the settled rule of a great Power to the vexatious and petty government of States fashioned after the pattern of Roumania and Servia. That Turkey will be partitioned is only a possibility; but it is a possibility which, when the terms of peace are once spoken of, must be taken into account. Even if a partition is not the end of the present war, the obvious seeds of a future partition may be sown by the treaty of peace. For all such contingencies England ought to be prepared, and the Ministry may reasonably ask Parliament to help it to see that England is prepared. A Cabinet that would not stir a finger to help the Turks or to prolong the misrule of a Pasha for an hour may very consistently ask to be supplied beforehand with all it needs to secure for England as good a position as her neighbours when it comes to be discussed what is to be done with Turkey in case Turkey is thoroughly beaten.

Incidentally the early meeting of Parliament has advantages which may in some degree compensate for its undoubted inconvenience. There are minor matters as regards which its effect may be beneficial, although in themselves they would certainly not have warranted so unusual a step as that of hurrying on the commencement of the Session. Very little was done last Session, because the attention of

Parliament was engrossed with the affairs of the East, and because the Irish obstructives managed to waste a large amount of precious time. It is at least some gain that a new Session, in which it may be hoped that more will be done, should offer three extra weeks for getting rid, so far as may be found possible, of the obstacles to business. It is impossible to be very sanguine as to the easy progress of business next Session, as either a second campaign will be going on, or the terms of peace will be under discussion; and if Parliament could not attend to home affairs last Session, it is not very likely to withstand the powerful distraction of foreign complications in the Session which will begin in January. Still, as there must be a full and prolonged discussion on the war and its consequences when Parliament meets, it will be something that this discussion should be over by the time when the Session usually begins. The Irishmen also are to be thought of. Every Minister who during the recess has touched on their proceedings has asserted that Parliament is sure to find a way of crushing the obstructives if they renew their efforts to talk down the House of Commons. We will hope that practically this may be done. But it is a process which is sure to take time. The House will be very keen and very prolix in debating anything which touches it so nearly as an alteration of its own rules, or an unusual exercise of its powers. The Opposition may be expected to obstruct to the utmost the creation of remedies for obstruction. Three weeks may be easily spent in considering the position of England and in reducing half-a-dozen Irishmen to silence or obedience, and then the Session will be only too short for the work the Government has before it. What it will propose is for the most part unknown. It may be assumed that there will be the usual Bankruptcy and Patent Law Bills, for they always come and go like the swallows; and it is announced that there is to be a Bill for creating some new machinery of local government. Whatever may be the other Government measures, this Bill alone will give rise to discussions which may last for weeks. A Bill which will interest and affect every resident in the country districts, which will raise many hopes, and probably cause much disappointment, is not one that can be hurried forward even by the most powerful Government. There was a general complaint that last Session was a very dull one; but there is not much reason to fear that the same complaint will be made as to the Session that will now soon begin.

ITALY.

ITALY is going through a Ministerial crisis, but it is one of a very ordinary kind. No principles are at stake, and the causes of the crisis are for the most part personal. The Ministry of Signor DEPRETIS came into office by an accident, for it was only a combination of parties on a side question that overthrew the Ministry of his predecessors. But when he was established in office, Signor DEPRETIS asked for, and of course obtained, a dissolution, and he then was armed with a majority which seemed overwhelming, and was reckoned at not far short of two hundred. But he has found, what many Ministers in constitutional countries have found before him, that a majority may be too large. Party discipline is soon relaxed when there is no dangerous opposition to keep the party together, and in a very numerous majority there are sure to be many who only agree with their leaders in a general way, and are eager to claim attention for their own special views, and very sore if their claims are overlooked. Every Ministry is sure to make blunders, and the Ministry of Signor DEPRETIS has made many blunders. Its popularity faded away, and numbers of its own nominal adherents were anxious to give it a wound which, if it did not kill it, would remind it of the insecurity of its existence. Baron NICOTERA, the Minister of the Interior, was especially unpopular, and had enemies who were panting to strike at him. An occasion was found in the discussion of the control which he has taken on himself to exercise over the Telegraphic service. He has assumed that the Minister of the Interior is to be the sole and supreme judge of what telegrams it is proper for private persons to send; and he lately stopped some despatches in which the Correspondents of foreign journals were giving an account of the speeches made at a very unimportant meeting. When this was brought to the notice of the Chamber, there seemed to be a disposition to acknowledge that a Secretary of State

was entitled to exercise some control over despatches of a decidedly political character. But the impression remained that Baron NICOTERA had meddled with private telegrams far more than was necessary. Accordingly, in the discussion of the Budget the subject was revived; and the Ministry undertook to amend the law by which the Telegraphic service is regulated. But the remarks to which he had to listen stung Baron NICOTERA into a declaration that he should regard the matter as a question of confidence; and he asked for a vote by which the Chamber should express its confidence in him as distinguished from his colleagues. The head of the Ministry could not allow this, and very properly stated that Ministers must stand or fall together, and that, although personally he had not much faith in votes of confidence, yet, if such a vote was to be taken, it must be taken as regarding the Ministry as a whole. On a division it appeared that the Ministry had a majority of twenty-two; but when the votes of the Ministers and their subordinates were subtracted, the majority was reduced to five; and this was so glaring a defeat that the Ministry immediately resigned. If, however, Signor DEPRETIS cannot command a working majority in the present Parliament, no one else can; and after he had in vain tried to persuade Signor CRISPI, the President of the Chamber, to take his place as chief of the Government, he set to work to make a new Ministry with new colleagues. Hitherto he has found it an insuperable difficulty to get new colleagues. He will not select his associates from the ranks of those who recently voted against him, and he is reduced to seeking from the list of his supporters those who are harmless enough to give little offence if they bring little strength. A Ministry reconstructed under such circumstances is probably doomed to extinction as soon as any rivals think the time for its extinction has come.

Only one independent speaker supported the Government in the recent debate, and he was the son of FABRI, and bore a name that will long command the respect of Italians. Even he owned that the Government was exceedingly unpopular, and it was only on a balance of considerations that he could bring himself to support them. Signor SELLA, the leader of the Right, justified his party for joining with the Extreme Left in a censure of the Ministry, on the ground that the Government was so detested in the country that any means of getting rid of it were proper. Signor DEPRETIS showed that he believed in the unpopularity of his colleagues, if not of himself, by his readiness to replace them and go on with another staff. The Government had indeed pleased no one. It has not lightened the burden of taxation, and its acceptance of projects for the construction of public works that must be unremunerative caused a natural distrust of the future of Italian finance. Signor MANCINI, the Minister of Justice, has carried through the Chamber a Bill for the total abolition of the punishment of death; and although a measure so ill-adapted to the present state of Italy, where murder and murderous assaults are ingrained into the character of the people, is sure to be rejected by the common sense of the Senate, still the foolish indulgence to crime shown by the Minister is too much associated with his name to permit him to retain general confidence and respect. The resignation of Signor ZANARDELLI necessarily awakened a suspicion that the Ministry was bent on making a bargain with capitalists which an honest patriot could not sanction. But any unpopularity which other members of the Government may have awakened was as nothing compared with the burning indignation excited by Baron NICOTERA. In the first place, that he should have had himself made a Baron was an offence to his old democratic allies, who thought the dignity misbecoming to a former follower of GARIBALDI. Then he has used the power placed at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior with an unscrupulousness which seemed outrageous even to Italians. He changed, dismissed, and bullied all in the service of the administration to a degree which they thought passed the limits of decency. He appears indeed to have had the distinction of anticipating the system lately pursued in France by M. DE FOURTOU, with nearly as strange results. His energy has indeed been displayed in one direction where it found a very fitting field. He has put down brigandage with an iron hand, and Italy could afford to be blind to some departures from strict legality when so necessary a work was being accomplished. But when other parts of his conduct were being severely criticized, it was natural that those who like to see brigands suppressed in a gentle and tender manner should swell the chorus of censure and do their best to

get him turned out of office. Even when he attempted to redeem one of the pledges given by the Ministry in its programme, and submitted an Electoral Reform Bill, he gained nothing by what he did. The measure was pronounced to be so crude that it seemed a sign of reprehensible levity on the part of a Minister to treat a difficult and dangerous subject with so little consideration, and a Reform Bill does not excite any enthusiasm in Italy under present circumstances. The cry for it is not sincere. Those who say they want it do so because any extension of the franchise is supposed to be a democratic, and therefore a valuable, thing in itself. But the Liberals in Italy who shout for a Reform Bill are precisely in the same difficulty as the Liberals in Prussia who want municipal reform. The consequences of carrying these Liberal measures might be disastrous to the Liberal party. If the right of voting is carried too far down, an electoral stratum may be reached in which the power of the priests will predominate.

Signor DEPRETIS might, however, get on for some time with a rather shabby company of inoffensive colleagues, since there is no one to take his place, were it not for the railway question, which must be settled soon, and which is of such a nature that very serious objections may be urged to any settlement that is proposed. It was on this question that he came into office, and he is bound to carry out, if he can, the views of those who helped him in throwing out the MINGHETTI Ministry. In Italy the State has got hold of the railways; but what is it to do with them when it has got them? Is it to work them or to farm their working? The MINGHETTI Ministry wished that the State itself should work them. The Tuscan group of deputies joined Signor DEPRETIS in thinking that the evils of State management are greater than its advantages. The question is one of peculiar interest to Englishmen just now, for it is the very question which is now being raised with regard to India. The Indian Government will very shortly be in a position to take, if it pleases, the management of the most important of Indian railways out of the hands of a private Company and to work it on its own account; and to decide whether this is wise or not is a very anxious task. The problem does not indeed present itself quite in the same shape in India and in Italy; but there is a sufficient similarity of circumstances to make the study of what is happening in Italy very instructive to those who take an interest in the affairs of India. The objection to State management is not that the State cannot manage railways. Perhaps it could not manage English railways; for the traffic, to please and accommodate the public, is carried on with a greater liability to danger than the State could permit. But there is no theoretical difficulty in the State managing lines with such a traffic as is known in India and in Italy. It so happens that the East Indian Railway, which is the line the Indian Government can now take into its hands, is exceptionally well managed, being remarkably fortunate in its Chairman and its Consulting Engineer. But if Indian railways are taken as a whole, the State could no doubt command as much ability in management as is now displayed on behalf of private Companies. The objections to State management are, in the first place, that a whole army of officials would be placed at the disposal of the Government of the day. They might be expected to vote as the Government wished, and to exercise in various ways a pernicious influence on politics. To Italy this is a serious danger, for the Government has already too much power in controlling elections. In India the danger would be scarcely felt at all, although even in India it is desirable that all patronage should not be in the hands of the Government, and that there should be a wholesome rivalry in excellence of administration. In the second place, if the State works the railways, there is no one to stand between the State and the public. The public wants to use the railways without paying for them, or at least without paying for them in proportion to the capital sunk in their construction. A cry for low fares is sure to be raised when it is only the nation that will suffer; but, if the nation suffers, this means that the national revenue is diminished, and neither India nor Italy has got any revenue to spare. A Company with whom the Government has come under positive engagements acts as a most useful intermediary between the State and the public. The answer to a cry for unremunerative fares is the simple one that it cannot be granted. This objection to State management applies quite as much

to India as to Italy. But, then, if the State is to have a Company between it and the public, it must make a bargain with the Company; and here, where Indian statesmen could have no difficulty at all, as they can get any amount of capital engaged in any enterprise if they only offer fair terms, Italian statesmen are in very great difficulty. Unless they invite foreign Companies to work their railways, they must deal with the very few native capitalists who are in a position to make an offer; and it is because those capitalists pushed their advantage too far that Signor ZANARDELLI resigned, and left his chief to propose a Bill which, even if it embodied the only bargain that could have been made, would be sure to excite much opposition, as on its face it bears evidence that the State is not to receive an adequate return for its outlay in purchasing the railways.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE publication of the PRESIDENT'S Message in full shows that a sound judgment was exercised in the composition of the telegraphic abridgment. Nearly the whole interest of the Message is confined to the long discussion on the proposal of a double metallic standard, and to the kindred subject of national good faith. The PRESIDENT proves at much length that more will be lost than gained by paying the public creditor in a depreciated currency. If, as he says, there were no debt, Congress might freely use its undoubted power of regulating the coinage in any manner which might seem expedient. A double standard of gold and silver, either metal being equally a legal tender, would be probably inconvenient, as it would introduce into all money contracts an additional element of uncertainty; but no creditor could complain of payment in a form to which he had in the first instance expressly or tacitly assented. The substitution of a less valuable coin for the circulating medium in which United States bonds are payable might be described in shorter and more vigorous language than the terms which the PRESIDENT prudently employs. After propounding the general and undeniable statement that the maintenance of the public faith is of paramount obligation, the PRESIDENT in some degree abandons an unassailable position when he proceeds, not without success, to demonstrate that honesty is the best policy. It would be more satisfactory to know that the observance of good faith by the United States was not an open question. If arguments are needed to support a conclusion which ought to be regarded as a postulate, the PRESIDENT'S reasons are undoubtedly cogent. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY in his Report furnishes a practical illustration of the proposition that doubtful credit implies a high rate of interest. The department lately issued a Four per Cent. Loan to be employed in the redemption of bonds which bear an interest, some of five, and some of six per cent. Subscriptions to the loan were coming in rapidly when the owners of silver mines ingeniously organized an agitation for the adoption of silver as a legal tender. The movement had the immediate effect of suspending the issue of Four per Cent. Stock; and consequently an excess of interest is paid by the Treasury as a penalty for the uncertainty which affects the future performance of its contracts. The burden which is consequently imposed on the people of the United States is not inconsiderable. The Six per Cent. Debt exceeds 140,000,000*l.*, and the Five per Cent. Debt is nearly as large. A saving of one and a half per cent. on 280,000,000*l.* would amount to more than 4,000,000*l.* a year. The deduction from the principal which would result from eventual payment in silver would much exceed the capital value of the annual excess of charge.

There is no reason, but for risks arising from popular caprice, why the United States should not borrow money as cheaply as England. The national wealth of America is certainly as large, and prospectively, or potentially, it is much larger. The rate of interest at the present price of Consols is only a fraction above three per cent. In the second year of the Crimean war, the Government had no difficulty in raising a Three per Cent. Loan at the issue price of 90. If, unfortunately, war were to break out at the present time, an indefinite sum might be borrowed at rates certainly not exceeding three and a half per cent. The old traditions of good faith still prevail in England; and the agitators who one or two generations ago proposed to apply the so-called sponge to the National Debt have

long since been silenced and almost forgotten. Until Mr. GLADSTONE succeeds in making public solvency dependent on the impulses of flesh and blood, the Funds will not become a subject of controversy. In America demagogues have an unlimited and well-founded faith in the capacity of half-educated multitudes to accept impudent fallacies and semi-transparent sophisms. An appeal to the prerogative of popular sovereignty seldom fails of success; and accordingly agitators constantly remind taxpayers that no earthly power can compel them to pay their debts, or to pay them in full. The capitalists in Europe or in the Atlantic States who advance their money to the Government of the United States are denounced as usurious monopolists who took advantage of the necessities of the Republic. It may be admitted that national debts, like international law, have the disadvantage of wanting compulsory sanction. The debtor may boldly and safely refuse to pay, at the sole risk of being either excluded from the money market, or of compounding on high terms for the exercise of his sovereign immunity. "I like not," said DE BRACY to BOIS GUILBERT, "the privileges which are acquired by the 'slaughter of three hundred Saracens.'" Capitalists are not disposed to like borrowers who claim a discretion as to the terms of repayment. The celebrated vote by which the House of Representatives approved the partial repudiation of the debt had, after an interval of some years, been virtually condoned, when the Nevada mine-owners devised the scheme of payment in the commodity which they have to sell. It rests with the Senate to accept or reject the recent vote of the House for the remonetization of silver. It is possible that the agreement of the Senate in the sound doctrines of the PRESIDENT might enable the SECRETARY of the TREASURY to resume the issue of his Four per Cent. Loan. Unluckily, the majority of the Senate is formed of the Democratic party, including many supporters of inflation, and of the malcontent Republicans who have lately inflicted a rebuff on the PRESIDENT. If the application of a silver currency to the discharge of the debt is only hindered by the Presidential veto, the public credit will be seriously impaired.

Mr. CONKLING has succeeded in defeating the PRESIDENT on a question which was understood to involve the issue of Civil Service reform. Mr. HAYES had removed some officers of the New York Custom House who had disobeyed his instructions that civil functionaries should no longer take an active part in elections. The New York Custom House is notoriously corrupt, and the principal posts in the department are highly lucrative. Permanent appointments founded on merit and unconnected with politics could scarcely fail to conduce to the public good; but, for the same reason, a reform of the service would injuriously affect the system of party management. Mr. CONKLING, who had himself been disappointed of the Presidency, saw his opportunity of retaliation in vindicating a cause common to both parties. He has induced the Senate to refuse its assent to the PRESIDENT's Custom House nominations; and probably Mr. HAYES, like his immediate predecessor, will be compelled to submit. It is truly alleged in the Message that the institution of a non-political Civil Service would be expedient, and probably such a measure would be approved by all the disinterested part of the community; but in the United States the people at large are powerless to resist regularly organized parties. The PRESIDENT will probably fail in his attempt to obtain from Congress an appropriation for the salaries of the Civil Service Commission. In the future, as in the past, the spoils will be appropriated by the victors, though the spoliation is at the expense, not of the defeated combatant, but of the whole body of citizens. The PRESIDENT has done his best to redeem his pledges; but his tone in referring to the question of the Civil Service is not sanguine.

The recommendation of a small Customs duty on tea and coffee appears not to indicate any purpose of amending the tariff. The PRESIDENT suggests that the proceeds of such a tax might enable the Treasury to dispense with the remaining Excise duties, which may probably be vexatious. The mere substitution of one source of revenue for another, when it is unaccompanied by any modification of the system of Protection, has no interest for foreigners. The PRESIDENT's suggestion that a part of the proposed tea duty would be paid by the producer is questionable both in accuracy and in policy. The Chinese Government might be inclined to levy an export duty on tea for the very purpose of preventing a foreign Government from taxing its subjects. Another proposal in the Message seems to be

designed to render the American Navigation-laws still more stringent and exclusive. The PRESIDENT remarks that the imports are large, but that they are for the most part carried in foreign ships, to the detriment of native industry. Imperfect familiarity with economic principles is also displayed in the PRESIDENT's complacent mention of the balance of trade. According to the language of the Message, the excess in the value of exports, as compared with imports, is to be regarded as net profit. It would follow that the opposite relation which now exists in England produces a dead loss. Such a result would make a European economist hesitate; but the PRESIDENT evidently shares an almost universal American prejudice.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S SUBMISSION.

MARSHAL MACMAHON delayed action until the eleventh hour had long struck; but when he did act he cannot be charged with either indecision or incompleteness. He had the sense to see that any concessions short of absolute submission would lose him the substance without saving the shadow. By giving the Left the guarantees they required he secured the retention of office. If he had offered something less than was demanded of him the crisis would simply have been prolonged for a few more days with the same alternatives awaiting him at the end. It is impossible to say precisely what were the motives which ultimately determined him to give up the struggle. He had made submission very much more galling than it need have been by his own speeches, and by the notes put out by his authority, during the week preceding M. DUFAURE's appointment. Unless he is credited with an ascetic desire to make his sufferings greater, it is impossible that he should seriously have thought of accepting a Parliamentary Ministry until the very moment when he actually accepted one. If there had been any distrust of his own resolution lurking in his mind, he had probably contrived to stifle it. According to one account the extraordinary revolution which his views and purposes underwent is to be set down to the enlightening rhetoric of M. POUYER-QUEETIER. The MARSHAL listened to the weighty Norman manufacturer, and knew that he had been made a fool of. The falsity of all that the Duke of BROGLIE had said ever since 1873 was miraculously revealed to him. He saw for the first time that, however little a President might know about Rights and Lefts, it is his duty, at all events, to find out on which side is the Parliamentary majority. Ignorance upon this point might lead him to mix himself up unwittingly with manoeuvres and conspiracies from which his soul recoiled. More than this, he saw ground to think that he had already been led too far in this direction. When once the key had been supplied to him, he could detect a plot everywhere. Words which had before seemed mere phrases of course, were now instinct with undreamed of meanings. Where he had believed that everything was open and above board, unsuspected purposes disclosed themselves. Instead of being the colleague of the Duke of BROGLIE in a common resistance to Radicalism, he had really been his instrument in an attempt to impose upon the country a nameless Government which it had repudiated beforehand. This is, in effect, the explanation put into the MARSHAL's mouth by one usually well-informed authority. Assuming that it is rightly attributed to him, it must be admitted that it makes very large demands on our credulity. That a Marshal of France, who has served the Empire and the Republic, who was Commander-in-Chief under M. THIERS, and must consequently have been to some extent in his confidence, who has had half-a-dozen Ministers since he became President, of all shades of political opinion, and must have been told by all of them something of the drift of affairs and opinion in France, should have been ignorant down to the 13th of this present December that the policy of the 16th of May depended for success on the co-operation alike of Bonapartists and Royalists, and could only be carried on by playing off one party against the other, and leading each to suppose that the common enterprise would enure to its exclusive benefit—all this can only be believed by an act of simple faith in the word of the person who asserts it. If the MARSHAL was really thus innocent, he must have had a remarkable power of shutting his eyes and ears. This experience recalls the evidence of an English member of Parliament whose seat is contested for bribery. Everybody knows how miraculously guarded a candidate's senses are in view of a

probable petition. There may be corruption on every hand, and he may himself be finding the means for it, and yet he will never know that any money has been spent except to repay the legal charges. If Marshal MACMAHON has been deceived by his agents, he and they must have gone to work on much the same principle.

From another well-informed authority comes a quite different story. The MARSHAL's surrender was nominally made to the Left, but it was really made to the German AMBASSADOR. If Prince BISMARCK would have allowed him to go on, he would have dared illegal dissolutions, illegal collections of taxes, a plebiscite, civil war itself. But he saw a hand that no one else could see, and he at once laid down his arms. It suited the omnipotent CHANCELLOR that there should be a Parliamentary Ministry in France, and Marshal MACMAHON at once understood that a Parliamentary Ministry there must be. Here, again, we are thrown back upon our authority. If this is to be accepted as true, it must be because it comes from people who are likely to know the truth, not in the least because the news itself looks like truth. All the probabilities of the case certainly point the other way. If the MARSHAL was reckless enough to risk a civil war, it is hard to see why he should have shrunk back in terror from the prospect of a foreign war. The French army is at all events sufficiently organized to make a German invasion a very different affair from what it was in 1870; and if anything could have made the Republic odious to the country, it would have been the fact that Germany had chosen to impose it. However well the secret may have been kept, it must have been known to some members of the Right, and the temptation to use it for their own purposes would have been irresistible. Instead of loading the MARSHAL with contumely and abuse, they would have spoken of him with respectful pity, as the victim of a terrible external necessity. He had been bidden, they would have said, to take M. DUFAYRE as his Minister under pain of exposing France to the outrage of another invasion. Though this humiliation had been administered by Germany, it had been prepared by the Republican party; and they who had benefited by the intervention of a foreign Power must, as an ordinary matter of inference, be supposed to have been privy to it. France would now know how to value Republican patriotism, and what measure of respect to pay to a Ministry which really rests on a possible army of occupation. If it is objected that to use this argument might have been injurious to the interests of France, the obvious answer is that French faction seldom stops to consider anything so irrelevant.

As the two most apparently authentic explanations of the MARSHAL's submission are surrounded with so many difficulties, we are reduced to the humble expedient of accepting it as a fact of which it is impossible to offer any satisfactory account. Happily, whatever difference there may be as to the motives which led the MARSHAL to accept a Parliamentary Ministry, the fact that he has accepted it is beyond dispute. The Message read to the two Chambers by the new Minister pledges the MARSHAL with a directness and minuteness which belongs to no promise that he has yet given. There is hardly a sentence in it which does not involve a contradiction of some previous statement of the MARSHAL'S. He is made to eat his own words one after another in slow succession. Every conceivable plea for repeating the experiment of the 16th of May is barred for the future. The MARSHAL declares his own irresponsibility and his Ministers' responsibility. He rejects the idea of governing by a series of dissolutions, which until last week was his only conception of policy; and he declares that in appealing to the country he appealed to a supreme judge whose decision he has simply to obey. It is significant that the MARSHAL accepted this Message *en bloc*, without any discussion as to its terms. He simply stipulated that he should swallow the dose without spectators. This points to a wholly new conception of his place in the country, and of his relations to the Chamber of Deputies. Just as the MARSHAL kept the engagements he had made with the Right, until in his own opinion it became impossible to keep them any longer, so we believe he will keep the engagements he has now made with the Left. What may happen if the Left, by repeating its error in the case of the first DUFAYRE Ministry, gives him an opportunity of pleading that the majority is divided against itself, and so has lost its title to dictate the policy of the Executive, is another question. In that case it is probable that the

Right would renew their efforts to get the Government into their hands. But the wonderful patience and self-control which has been shown both by the Chamber and the country during seven most trying months justify us in hoping better things. At all events, the Republican party is too firmly seated to be overthrown except by its own fault.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY RIOTS.

THE Foreign Office, in the discharge of its function as a department for the diffusion of useful knowledge and current news, has published some diplomatic and consular Reports on the American railway disturbances of last summer. The Chargé d'Affaires and three or four Consuls or Vice-Consuls have, in pursuance of Lord DERBY'S instructions, collected in an authentic form the substance of statements which had previously appeared in American and English newspapers. Mr. PLUNKETT, Secretary of Legation at Washington, arrives at the probable conclusion that the causes of the strike were exactly the same with those which have often produced in this country similar results on a smaller scale. A reduction of ten per cent. in the rate of wages was made at a time when the enginemen were already complaining of grievances; and they hoped to obtain redress by the usual methods. At first the suspension of traffic was nominally confined to goods trains, or freight trains, as they are called in the United States. The men discontinued work at a preconcerted time, leaving the trains wherever they happened at the moment to be, for the purpose of causing the largest possible amount of inconvenience. The Post Office authorities properly declined the offer of the men to run the mail trains; and the passenger trains were, notwithstanding the professions of the enginemen, generally stopped. The working classes sympathized with the men on strike, and the "proletariat," as Mr. PLUNKETT oddly and inaccurately calls the disorderly rabble of the great towns, proceeded to acts of violence, in which the regular workmen profess not to have shared. There is no doubt that, according to usual practice in other countries, the men who had left work employed force or menace to prevent substitutes from taking their places; but the serious riots began with a discharge of firearms, as it was said, without orders, by a body of Maryland militia. The proletariat—more properly and more idiomatically designated by their countrymen as tramps and roughs—in many places, and especially at Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, committed frightful outrages on property. The disturbances extended over nine States, and over twelve thousand miles of railway; and the damage is roughly estimated at 12,000,000*l.* The people of the United States, who have talked and tolerated much nonsense about the rights of labour, declined with characteristic sagacity to be bound by the logical results of popular phrases. Some public officers displayed extreme weakness; but Governor HARTRANFT in Pennsylvania, and some other persons in authority, at once opposed force to force; and the Federal Government despatched to the aid of the State authorities all the troops within reach. The presidents and managers of the Railway Companies for the most part resisted the demands which had been preferred with lawless violence; but Mr. VANDERBILT of New York purchased peace by the distribution of a large sum to the men employed on his lines, and also promised an early increase of wages. The Trade-Unions, which appear to be more powerful and more mischievous in America than even in England, have probably learnt that they are not strong enough to overrule the whole community in a direct conflict with public interest and convenience. In a struggle of this kind democratic institutions are efficient; but in another direction they offer great facilities for the organization of labour against capital.

Since the suppression of the riots, the leaders of the associated workmen have, with better prospects of success, devoted themselves to the formation of a political party. Notwithstanding the number of electors whom they can influence, they will probably fail in returning candidates of their own to the State Legislatures and public offices; but their alliance is sought by the regular election managers, who will not be chary of promises of concession to their demands. One candidate, at least, for the office of Governor of Ohio has professed, it may be hoped without any sincerity of conviction, to adopt nearly all the articles of the Trade-Union creed. That wages depend on legislation and not on demand and supply is a favourite doctrine of the economical

teachers of the working classes. Promises which it is impossible to perform are a cheap currency to be employed in the purchase of votes. The wilder theories which are imported by European immigrants will probably find little acceptance with an eminently practical nation. The papers published by the Foreign Office include two instructive documents which contain the respective creeds of the real working-men and of the Socialist agitators. The "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers" profess a desire to maintain friendly relations with their employers, to discourage intemperance and other vices, and generally to promote, on rational principles, the welfare of the members of the society. It is almost touching to notice their appeals to public opinion, and to study the high-flown phrases in which they disguise from themselves the more objectionable characteristics of their agitation. "We have," they say, "reclaimed the fallen, reformed the drunkard, and furnished the public and Railroad Companies with a better, more skilled, and trustworthy class of engineers than they had before the inception of the 'Brotherhood.'" Unfortunately, Trade-Unions founded on the most benevolent principles practically promote strikes, which again furnish opportunities of disturbance and mischief to the most unscrupulous sections of the rabble. The rioters of Baltimore and Pittsburg were animated by the worst of passions; but the people of the United States have found by experience that it is not prudent to interfere with violent language when it is not combined with lawless action. A public meeting of working-men at Chicago passed, without interference on the part of the authorities, a series of resolutions which might seem to threaten the foundations of social order. The meeting declared that the working people of America ought to resist by all means the oppression of capital; that the proceedings of capitalists were a foul stain on the so-called Republic; that a fraternal greeting was due to mutinous militiamen who had joined the rioters; and that, by a national federation, combined capital should be resisted and overcome. In New York still more extravagant theories were publicly preached with impunity; but when the mob proceeded to march through the streets, the police at once interfered.

Some apologists have alleged that the discontent of railway servants was justified by the fraudulent and overbearing conduct of the Companies, or, as they are called in America, the Corporations. The presidents and managers of the lines have in many cases deprived the shareholders of all participation in the control of the undertakings; and, indeed, they have contrived almost to abolish dividends, except on mortgage bonds, corresponding to debentures. The actual administrators vote themselves large salaries, and the workmen complain that the officers are not affected by the reductions which are from time to time made in wages. There is no doubt of the corruption which prevails in the administration of railways; but it seems strange that the workmen should concern themselves with wrongs inflicted on proprietors. In some instances the Companies are, as in England, forced to reduce prices and rates by competition; and, whether in prosperity or in adversity, they probably obtain labour as cheaply as they can. It might even be thought that the managers who take for themselves a large share of the profits could afford to be liberal to the men. Some of the authors of the Foreign Office Reports express a hope that the railway workmen will profit by the experience of the strike and its failure. It has undoubtedly been proved that riots are unprofitable; but there is at present no symptom of improvement in the relations between capital and labour. The charges which are made against the Companies are often incidentally just, though they have no bearing on the real or supposed grievances of the men employed on the railways. Large sums have been raised on loan, not for the purpose of expending the proceeds on the lines, but on the simple ground that the security was sufficient to induce capitalists to advance money. As might be expected, the borrowed money never reaches the hands of the shareholders in general; and it probably accounts for the great wealth which has been accumulated by speculators of the character of the late Mr. VANDERBILT. The Corporations have great political and social power, and their managers incur no unpopularity by plundering the foreign shareholders. The workmen naturally bring against their employers all possible accusations; but their mutinous proceedings in no degree tend to improve the condition of defrauded shareholders.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN IRELAND.

THE Irish Sunday Closing question has passed into another stage. Hitherto those who wish to see public-houses shut for the whole of the Sunday have been content to urge the Government to give special facilities to the discussion of Mr. SMYTH'S Bill. They have now gone a step further, and asked the Government to introduce a Bill of their own. At least this is what we understand the memorial lately presented to the CHIEF SECRETARY to mean, though as a matter of fact it says something quite different. The prayer of the memorial is that HER MAJESTY'S Government will "pass a measure next Session that will prohibit the 'sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays.'" It is a striking compliment to the strength and discipline of the Ministerial majority that the memorialists do not even allow to Parliament the theoretical right of rejecting a Bill brought forward by the Government. To introduce a measure and to pass it are evidently regarded by them as equivalent terms. A memorial signed by two Archbishops and eighteen Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, two Archbishops and eight Bishops of the Disestablished Church, the official representatives of the Presbyterian and Wesleyan bodies, nearly fifteen hundred magistrates, and more than three thousand clergymen has obvious claims to attention; and, now that the Government have had such ample notice of the tactics of the Sunday Closing party, it is to be hoped that by the beginning of the Session they will have made up their minds what they are going to do. There will be no excuse for them if they have again to ask for time to consider their position in relation to the Bill. The demands of the Sunday Closing party have gained rather than lost in boldness; and there is plainly no room for anything in the nature of compromise. If the Government are not prepared to oppose the Bill, by whomsoever introduced, they may just as well introduce a Bill of their own. Select Committees, Royal Commissions, and all the other machinery of delay which has been so often invoked by Government when confronted by inconvenient questions, will go for nothing. No inquiry can bring out anything beyond the singularly unfruitful fact that those who wish the Bill to pass and those who wish it to be rejected are alike eager to see their desires realized.

Nothing in the memorial or in the speeches of the deputation by which it was presented has disposed of the objections which we entertain towards the proposal. It must be conceded that the passing of the FORBES-MACKENZIE Act in Scotland has established a precedent which runs exactly on all fours with the legislative demands for Ireland. If the opponents of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill would be completely consistent, they must be willing to undo what has been done in Scotland, as well as to resist what is proposed to do in Ireland. To this argument we have only to say that, as the FORBES-MACKENZIE Act ought never to have been passed, its repeal ought undoubtedly to be proposed if there were the slightest probability of carrying it. Every argument that goes against Sunday closing in Ireland applies with equal force against Sunday closing in Scotland. Indeed in the case of Scotland there is the additional argument that the experiment has been proved to be a failure. The public-houses have been closed without the population becoming any more sober. At present, however, all that can be done is to take care that Parliament is not dragged any further along that wrong road which in this one instance it has chosen to travel. That Ireland and Scotland should be allowed to govern themselves after their several fashions in matters of purely local concern is a perfectly reasonable claim; but no question of principle can be a matter of purely local concern. Supposing that Scotchmen or Irishmen wished to introduce divorce for incompatibility of temper, or to impose a progressive Income-tax, it would be the duty of the Government to tell them that in matters of this character the legislation of the three kingdoms must be homogeneous; and though the mischiefs of the Sunday Closing Bill would be very much less than the mischiefs of either of these proposals, there is no distinction between them in kind. If Parliament maintains the sanctity of marriage and refuses to impose a penalty on the accumulation of wealth, it ought equally to discourage the doctrine that, because one man's meat is another's poison, it is right to forbid the use of it by the man to whom it is meat. It may be objected that, if the Irish do not get what they want from the Imperial Parliament, they will become more clamorous for Home Rule. The answer is that, if the Imperial Parliament surrenders its right to legislate

for Ireland on matters of principle, there can be no reason why Home Rule should not be set up forthwith. From the moment that Irish ideas are alone considered, they may as well be considered on Stephen's Green as at Westminster.

It happens curiously enough that, though there are abundant reasons why such a Bill as this should not be passed either for England or Ireland, there is a special reason why it should not be passed for Ireland. England is in the main a beer-drinking country; Ireland is in the main a whisky-drinking country; and beer differs from whisky in the important respect that in order to be decently palatable, it must be drunk soon after it is drawn. If English public-houses were closed on Sundays, there is a fair probability that the class which gets its beer from the public-houses would have to go without it one day in seven. But whisky admits of being kept for some little time; so that the immediate result of closing Irish public-houses on the Sunday would be that those who now frequent them would lay in a stock of whisky on Saturday for the next day's consumption. So far, it may be said, the mischief would be no greater than it is now. No less whisky might be drunk than is drunk at present, but, on the other hand, there would no more drunk. This, however, is a very inadequate description of what would really happen. It will be conceded that the neighbourhood of whisky is a strong temptation to the class for which we are asked to legislate, or else there would be no need to close the public-houses. What is likely to be the effect of sending a man home on Saturday evening with the Sunday's stock of whisky? Plainly enough to lead him to drink it on the Saturday. If he cannot resist temptation on the Sunday, when he has at least to go to the public-house to gratify his desire, what chance is there that he will resist temptation on Saturday, when he can get all he wants by going to the cupboard or the chimney-piece? It may be said that, even if he is more drunk than usual on the Saturday night, he will at all events be sober on the Sunday. Not at all. A week's experience will have taught him that the amount he bought on the first Saturday is not sufficient to stand the double drain, and he will lay in a double quantity. Two days' drunkenness will then become the universal rule where one day's is now found sufficient. This change will inevitably be followed by an addition to the numbers and composition of the drunken class. When a man goes to the public-house to drink he usually leaves his wife and children at home. They lose the pleasure of his companionship, but in return for this they escape the influence of his example. If the scene of the Sunday's drinking bout is changed from the public-house to the peasant's cabin, the wife and the children will in a vast majority of cases get a taste for drinking; which if the public-house had been left open, they might have altogether escaped. The greater quietness of the streets on a Sunday afternoon will be dearly purchased at the cost of a change which will make women and girls drunkards as well as men. In point of fact, the only person who will be put to real inconvenience by this Bill will be the man who uses a public-house for the legitimate purpose of refreshment and amusement, and does not get drunk. He will suffer from the closing of the public-houses on the Sunday, because to drink at home and to drink in company are not the same thing to him, and it is even possible that he may not care to take his Sunday's whisky home with him the day before. On the other hand, the man whose case the Bill is designed to meet will get his whisky just the same, and as to him to drink at home is quite the same thing as to drink in company, he will feel no grudge against the authors of the Sunday Closing movement. He will rather feel that they have been instrumental in making his home yet more dear to him than it was before he was taught to drink there.

ULTRAMONTANISM IN CANADA.

THE current number of the *North American Review* contains an interesting account of the recent progress of Ultramontanism in Lower Canada. If Pius IX. can see nothing to give him pleasure in the Old World, outside France, and but little even in France itself, he may well be satisfied with the position of the Catholic Church in British America. The principles which he has been striving throughout his long pontificate to get accepted, and which

in Europe he has seen rejected in one country after another, are practised as well as preached at Quebec and in the sixty dioceses which look to Quebec as their spiritual mother. Even the bishops who formerly made use of language savouring of Gallicanism have of late years learned to tune their pastorals to the true Ultramontane note. As late as 1867 the Bishop of Rimouski forbade his clergy to direct their flocks to vote for one candidate rather than another, or to convert the pulpit into an electioneering engine. Eight years later this same Bishop, according to the *North American Review*, claimed the right, on behalf of his clergy, of using spiritual censures to influence the action of the electors, and warned the faithful of his diocese not to vote for any candidate who held principles which the Church has condemned. As the Church has of late condemned almost every principle on which lay government is usually conducted, this is tantamount to a direction not to vote for any but Ultramontane candidates. The apostle of Ultramontane progress in Canada was Mgr. BOURGET, who was Bishop of Montreal from 1840 to 1876. To this prelate belongs the credit of being the first of his order in Canada to estimate the importance of the newspaper press. Under his guidance several Catholic journals were founded, or, what must have been even more consoling, won over from Liberal Catholicism. One regulation which has been established for these Catholic journals will inspire the Anglican Episcopate with a keen sense of envy. They are strictly forbidden to discuss the conduct of bishops and priests. It is terrible even to think of the sad position in which some of our ecclesiastical contemporaries would find themselves if this rule could be imported into England. Nor is it only over the Catholic press, strictly so called, that the Catholic hierarchy in Canada exercise their power. They exert a powerful influence even upon secular journals. After all, a newspaper must in essentials be what its readers are—at least, if it is not, it runs the risk of having no readers. In Lower Canada the majority of newspaper readers are Catholics, and though the conductors of a journal may owe no allegiance to the POPE, they have to provide secular nutriment for readers who do. A long list of disasters attests the force of the restrictions under which newspapers in Canada have to exist. One journal hazarded the seemingly innocent statement that it is dangerous to introduce religious principles into political contests, and it was compelled to retract it at the bidding of the ARCHBISHOP. Another published a speech by a foreign statesman on toleration; and, though it changed its place of publication to mitigate the effects of an episcopal interdict, it died all the same. Another journal was condemned in 1860, and has only managed to live on condition of mending its ways and preaching entire submission to Rome. All that is needed to make the bishops absolute lords and masters, even of secular journals, is that the readers of them should be obedient to ecclesiastical mandates; and this condition seems to be completely fulfilled in Canada. Mgr. BOURGET even extended his care to literature generally, and set up a Congregation of the Index of his own. Every new book was, and probably is, examined by his ten chaplains in order to discover whether it contains anything which baptized persons ought not to read.

The organized action of the bishops in elections is of recent date. In the autumn of 1875 eight bishops put out a joint pastoral letter in which they declared that a political party ought to be accounted dangerous to religion, not only on account of its programme and antecedents, but also on account of the programmes and antecedents of its principal members, and of its organs, provided that they are not disavowed by the party. Any elector voting for a candidate belonging to a dangerous party will expose himself to the censures of the Church. Mgr. BOURGET defined in a separate pastoral the views which mark off a candidate as one for whom Catholic electors ought not to vote. A candidate who wishes to steer clear of this condemnation must not advocate the separation of Church or State, nor maintain propositions condemned by the Syllabus, nor reject ecclesiastical interference in matters of government, nor criticize the pastorals of bishops or the instructions of the curés, nor favour journals or Societies condemned by the Church. An appeal was sent to Rome against the teaching of this joint pastoral, and the Archbishop of QUEBEC at once tried to hedge by issuing a pastoral of his own forbidding his clergy to discuss political questions in church, or to

volunteer advice on the subject of elections, or even to answer questions put to them on this head if they were put in the course of their pastoral visits. His anxiety turned out, however, to be quite groundless. In December 1876 a Papal brief adopted in their integrity the principles of the joint pastoral, and communicated to its authors the joy with which the POPE had observed the care taken by them to inculcate sound doctrine, and to explain to their people the constitution and rights of the Catholic Church. The fruits of this approval have been abundantly seen already. Liberals of all shades have been proscribed. No Catholic, save the Bishop of MONTREAL, is allowed to proclaim himself a moderate Liberal; consequently no moderate Liberal can be elected as a representative of Catholics. One curé has told his flock that he, not they, is responsible for their votes; another, that to refuse to vote as the curé bids them is to disobey the POPE; another, that, if they vote for a Liberal candidate, God will destroy their crops; another, that to vote for a Liberal is mortal sin; another—somewhat more mildly—that it is the first step on the road to hell; another—actuated perhaps by some doubt as to the efficacy of these spiritual terrors—that it will lead the voter to the scaffold.

The election in which these methods of persuasion were most freely used was afterwards set aside by the Canadian Supreme Court. While this case was actually before the Court, the Bishop of RIMOUSKI issued a *mandement* relating to another trial of a disputed election, in which he insists that Catholic Judges cannot with a good conscience administer laws which forbid the clergy to visit electoral sins with spiritual censures. This did not prevent the Catholic members of the Supreme Court from annulling the election, though the Judge by whom the decision was delivered admitted that it placed him and his Catholic colleagues in a position of difficulty. What is of more importance, from a political point of view, is that the judgment of the Supreme Court belongs to a kind which seldom decide anything except the single case before the Judges. It is impossible to frame any general definition of spiritual coercion. The ordinary practice is to apply the definitions of material coercion, and to disregard the radical distinction between the two operations. In material coercion the object is to make an elector vote against his conscience. In spiritual coercion the object is to influence the elector's conscience, and thereby to determine his vote. In a case of material coercion the elector, left to himself, would vote for the candidate whom he wishes to see in Parliament, and coercion comes in and says, If you vote for that man, you will be turned out of your house, or you will lose such and such customers. The elector's conscience tells him that he ought to vote for the best candidate, but he listens to his interest and votes for the worst. In a case of spiritual coercion the operation takes effect at a much earlier stage. The priest tells the elector just what his own conscience tells him—that he should vote for the best candidate; and the coercion, so long as it remains purely spiritual, is directed to make him do what his conscience tells him. That it refers to the next world rather than to this is merely to say that it appeals to religious sanctions. What is the essential difference between telling an elector that, if he votes for a particular candidate, he will lose his self-respect or fall in the opinion of all good men, and telling him that if he votes for such or such a candidate he will be damned? Both formulas are meant to express the same thing—that if he votes for such or such a candidate he will be acting wrongly. The probability is that the majority of the electors who vote against their priest's bidding have a secret suspicion that they ought to obey him. The one real remedy for Ultramontanism is the growth of a more intelligent appreciation of the division between spiritual and temporal things, and from this it is to be feared that the Canadian Catholics are still far removed.

MANCHESTER AND THIRLMERE.

THEY who quarrel with great Corporations must abide the consequences; and it is impossible to whisper a doubt whether the scheme for supplying Manchester with water from Thirlmere is in all respects the best that can be adopted without incurring the wrath of Mr JOHN GRAVE. The redoubtable and angry Chairman of the Waterworks Committee of the Manchester Corporation has come forward to maintain, first, that the water is wanted

for Manchester; secondly, that it is wanted for drinking; thirdly, that, even if it is not wanted for drinking, it is wanted for something quite as important as drinking; fourthly, that all other schemes for getting this indispensable water are foolish; fifthly, that the Bill is certain to pass; sixthly, that, if Thirlmere is not used for this purpose, it will be used for worse purposes; seventhly, that the Lake is not much to boast of now; and, eighthly, that the new works will make it better worth looking at. Mr. GRAVE must be allowed the credit of having replied on the whole case. He has left none of the arguments alleged against the scheme unnoticed; and, if he has left any of them unanswered, it is not from any want of zeal or courage.

As regards Mr. GRAVE's contention that the water is wanted for Manchester, no one will be found to oppose him. We agree that the question whether the water is to be consumed in Manchester itself or sold by the Corporation to other towns which are equally in want of it is not material to the argument. If the water of Thirlmere were of use to no one, the Manchester Corporation would not care to buy it. That they can buy it with a certain prospect of selling it again may be accepted as tantamount to wanting it for the use of Manchester. When Mr. GRAVE reaches the second point his reasoning is less conclusive. He is very angry because some one has said that two-thirds of the supply which it is proposed to take from Thirlmere is wanted for trade and not for drinking; but his correction goes no further than the substitution of one-third for two-thirds. If the larger estimate must be taken with deductions because of the partisanship of those who framed it, the smaller estimate can hardly be held to be exempt from a corresponding necessity. Perhaps the safest way will be to strike a balance between the two, and to assume that only one half of the water to be gained by the proposed scheme will be wanted for drinking. What does that matter, says Mr. GRAVE? "Do the sentimentalists know what they mean by ridiculing the 'wants of trade?'" All that the opponents of the Thirlmere project have done in the way of ridiculing the wants of trade is to say that, if it is essential to the perpetual over-production of Manchester goods that one of the most beautiful districts in the Lakes should be spoiled, it would be better to rest content with the amount of Manchester goods which we at present possess. Where human necessity and natural beauty are opposed to one another, there is no question which must give way. It is better that the whole population of Manchester should be decently clean, and not be driven to drink bad spirits in consequence of having no good water, than that a certain percentage of Englishmen should retain a given recreation ground. But the case is different when the question is not whether the population of Manchester shall live, but whether they shall become indefinitely more and more numerous by reason of extraneous assistance to particular industries. If it were discovered that the only way of providing London with necessary food were to convert Hyde Park into a slaughter-house, there would be no choice but to submit. But, if it were explained that the necessity related not so much to the provision of meat for the people of London as to the provision of hides for the tanners of London, we might reasonably prefer to keep Hyde Park as it is. Manufacturers do a great number of things in the exclusive pursuit of their own interests which cannot be prevented. But it does not follow that, when they are accidentally forced to ask the consent of the nation in the first instance, it should be granted to them as a matter of course. It is one thing to submit to loss and annoyance in order to keep half a million of people alive and healthy, and another thing to submit to them in order to stimulate a particular trade which may possibly enable this half million to become a million, and some hundreds of them to make great fortunes in the process.

Mr. GRAVE's sweeping condemnation of all alternative projects for getting more water for Manchester may, for anything we can say to the contrary, be ultimately made good. At present, however, it is only the statement of an interested party. Doubtless the engineer who devised the Thirlmere scheme swears by it; engineers ordinarily do swear by their own schemes. Doubtless the Waterworks Committee of the Manchester Corporation swear by their own engineer; Committees ordinarily do swear by their own engineers. For a similar reason Mr. GRAVE's assurance that the Bill will pass need not be noticed here. Predictions of this kind may be very consoling to those who make them, and

yet be quite valueless to those to whom they are made. In so far, of course, as the Corporation are already in a position to do all that they want to do, there is no more to be said. If the owner of Thirlmere likes to sell it to a Water Company, we may dispute his taste, but not his right. It may be suspected, however, that, in spite of this purchase, and even assuming it to be more comprehensive as regards the interests concerned than the solicitors of the remainder-man seem disposed to allow, there is still something to be done by Parliament before this purchase of the Corporation's can be of any use to them. It is the right of Parliament to do or not to do this additional something as it shall seem good to it; and it is the duty of Parliament not to decide in favour of Manchester and against the whole country without having very conclusive proof that the goodness of Mr. GRAVE's case is equal to the confidence of his assertions.

It is plain from Mr. GRAVE's letter that the Waterworks Committee are of opinion that they are, above all things, unappreciated landscape-gardeners. After remarking, in passing, that, as the Manchester people are going to drink the Thirlmere water, they are not likely to allow a lead mine to be opened on the banks of the Lake, he goes on to explain that what the Corporation of Manchester propose to do at Thirlmere is simply to correct the unfortunate blunders which nature has for a long time past been making there. Originally, perhaps, Thirlmere was a pretty sort of place. But for ages nature has been at work destroying it. Soil and stones have been swept down from the mountains, swamps have been formed round the Lake, and altogether, if Mr. GRAVE had not interposed, there would have been nothing left for a traveller to look at. It will be very different when Mr. GRAVE has been allowed to work his will there. We shall see then what the Lake district would have been like if the Waterworks Committee of the Manchester Corporation had been allowed—as in a really well-ordered world it would have been—to take the scenery in hand from the first. The swamps, the meadows, the old stone walls will all disappear, and in their stead will rise a dam made irregular and picturesque after the latest lights of Manchester intelligence. Such a thing of beauty as this will deserve to be well seen; so a new carriage road is to be carried along the west side of the lake and across the dam. In this way the traveller will be enabled to get a full view of the dam as he approaches it, and to peep over its edge as he stands upon it. One thing more will be required to make Thirlmere perfect; and, though Mr. GRAVE does not expressly promise it, we have no doubt that he is only keeping the boon in reserve. The traveller who has gazed for miles at this majestic work will naturally be overpowered by his emotions; and he will need a monster hotel to enable him to get over the effects of the monster dam. There he can repose until his strength is sufficiently recruited to bear new delights; and by that time no doubt Mr. GRAVE will be prepared to furnish them in the shape of an illuminated garden and a promenade concert.

A SHORT WAY WITH PHILOSOPHY.

AMONG examples of the revival of old-fashioned tastes, the new interest in metaphysics and moral philosophy is not the least remarkable. Some twenty years ago, when taste was at a very low ebb indeed, metaphysics were perhaps as generally despised as they have been at any period of human history. Mr. Froude was peculiarly severe in his condemnation of the barren exercise of reason. Metaphysics were held to be like the vacuum in which Rabelais's Chimera Bombinans devoured, or did not devour, Second Intentions. Second Intentions and all the other terms of the schools, Final Causes and the rest, were looked on as part of the airy diet of Queen Whims, and Entelechy was another name for Abracadabra. The arrival in Oxford of several Scotchmen and of a "bad German philosophy which had died at home" changed this flippant attitude of mind towards metaphysics. The influence of a great Platonic scholar acted in the same direction, and the resistance to the rough-and-ready materialism of young men of physical science helped the revival of metaphysics. The result is that speculation is now active and has her journal in which Hegelians and Hedonists fight their dim, indecisive battles, like cray-fish in an aquarium. The advocates of a refined Utilitarianism, the pupils of a most industrious and subtle school of Hegelianism, bring dreadful charges against each other. If we rule our lives on Mr. Sidgwick's plan, Mr. Bradley does not know what will happen. If we defer being moral till we understand Mr. Bradley's system, old age may find us still far from saintly. As, in point of fact, moral speculation enters but very slowly into the direction of moral conduct, outsiders may be allowed to sup-

pose that, if there is to be a cataclysm, it will be long after our time. Meanwhile Mr. Case, a tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has published a brief tract entitled *Realism in Morals* (Parker), in which he makes short work with morality and moral philosophy.

The term "Realism in Morals" is almost as new to us as the name of Mr. Case as an ethical disputant. People have talked so much about Darwinism in Morals, about evolution, and development, and other newfangled terms, that the once familiar Realism has grown almost strange to modern ears, except in connexion with M. Courbet. If we had to define Realism in Morals after reading Mr. Case's short but comprehensive work of forty pages, we should call it a mixture of moderate Anglican orthodoxy with the common sense of the school of Reid. The attitude of a mind which contemplates life and the universe from the point of view of a pupil of Reid, and which falls back in any difficulty on the Church Catechism and on isolated texts from the Psalms, is in strong contrast with the subtleties of modern metaphysics. Unfortunately the results of speculations of this sort are moral out of all proportion to their philosophy. Indeed, if we rightly understand the meaning of Realism in Morals, moral philosophy has no *raison d'être* at all, and, *à fortiori*, there should be no such people as Professors occupying chairs of Moral Philosophy. This practical conclusion, which Mr. Case does not draw, may possibly occur to the minds of the University Commissioners. Those hardly tasked men must hear of so many new studies, and have to listen to the claims of so many professors of fresh researches, that the chance of abolishing an old and obsolete chair must be indeed grateful. Now, if we understand Mr. Case's position, the office of a Professor of Ethics is a vain superfluity so long as "the Bible is a written code of morality, and the Church is an authorized body of moral teachers." If, as Mr. Case thinks, "no Greek moralist, not even Plato and the Stoics, ever thought of recommending virtue to the pure conscience," if "ought" in their writings meant, "you ought for your own sake," why should we spend so much time over the selfish schemes of the Stoics and of Plato? Their views have only an historical interest, if indeed we can get up even that sort of interest in the Greeks, who "had no moral authority except written and unwritten law," who, in fact, were benighted heathens possessing no Bible.

Any one who studied with exclusive attention the close of Mr. Case's argument might well suppose that he held views exactly like those attributed to the Caliph Omar. If Kant, Mill, and the rest agree with the Bible and with the authorized body of moral teachers supplied by the Church, then they are superfluous. If Kant, Mill, and the rest do not agree with the Bible and the Church, then they are mischievous and erroneous. Mr. Case indeed provides at least one example of what we are led to suppose is his method as a reasoner in morals. Some philosophers are said by him to hold that "the diffusion of universal happiness is a low aim." We may doubt whether any philosopher was ever quite so foolish, or such a prig, as to think the diffusion of universal happiness a low aim. Many philosophers, on the other hand, may consistently hold that it is not the best sort of ideal aim that the mind can conceive of. They may urge that the term "happiness" lends itself to misconceptions; that there is no universally accepted definition of happiness; and even that, in order to diffuse happiness universally, it would be necessary in some districts to open gin-palaces, free of charge, to all comers. Or they may think with Mr. Mill, if all were done for happiness, what then? To diffuse happiness is not indeed a low aim because the word "happy" is synonymous with the word "drunk" in the slang of certain social circles. But the expression may be objected to as dangerous. Let us suppose that the followers of M. Comte were in power, and were busy in the effort to diffuse happiness as their great leader understood it. Their efforts would cause extreme discomfort in "the authorized body of teachers" mentioned by Mr. Case. Thus the philosophers, against whom Mr. Case has a tremendous argument in reserve, do not really hold that "happiness is a low thing," but that to set up happiness as "the roof and crown of things" is to make room for dangerous error. One may think them needlessly alarmed, but one cannot expect them to be convinced by Mr. Case's "short way." "The other charge," he writes, "the charge that the diffusion of universal happiness is a low aim, may be at once dismissed with this question—If it is a low thing to be happy, how comes the Psalmist to say 'Happy is that people whose God is the Lord'?" Now, if this kind of refutation by means of an isolated text applied to what we think a misconceived theory is to be called Moral Philosophy, it is natural to look on Moral Philosophy as a superfluous exercise. Any writer of tracts, any curate, any Revivalist from Chicago, any Methodist class-leader can supply arguments like this in profusion. The quotation is doubly irrelevant. One could not have supposed that it could ever be necessary to say that the Psalmist did not write as an authority on moral ideals. His remark means no more than this, that the race which chose a pure monotheism was certain to be more prosperous than the neighbouring peoples who followed the star of their god Remphan and who chose the abominations of Baal and Astaroth. Even if any moralists in the world thought happiness "low," the stray text would be inappropriate, would not have the crushing authoritative force attributed to it. But of course no moralist would say, except by way of hyperbole and in contrast with more pure ideals, that happiness is "low." Even if we granted, however, that Mr. Case's argument is as decisive and appropriate as he seems to hold, the inevitable result would be, either that there should be no such thing as a chair of Moral Philosophy, or that it should be

filled by one of the class of persons who rely on stray texts as decisive arguments in controversy. The way with Idealists, Materialists, Evolutionists, and all opponents except those who were strong in another set of texts, would then be a short way indeed. Mr. Case, however, "starts from the principles of Aristotle in ancient, of Bacon in modern times." As the philosophers who started from the principles of Aristotle used by no means to be at one among themselves, and as Bacon would be surprised to find his principles identified thus with those of Aristotle, there would still be room for more expansive disputes. Texts from "the Master," as well as texts from the Song of Solomon, would be bandied in the schools. Thus, it seems, there is no short way with philosophy after all. Arguments would spread, doubts would be raised, just as of old. The world's great age of dialectic would begin anew from the ancient starting points, from Aristotle and the decisions of the Church. The golden years would return, a fresh Ramus, a new Bruno, a second Hume, would appear on the scene, and, after a lively time of satire on one side and thumb-screws on the other, philosophy would have a free field, till some future Mr. Case restored in a brief pamphlet the philosophical authority of the Psalmist.

After the example of realistic reasoning from the Psalter, it might well be supposed that philosophy needs no lay assistance, and that the Bible and its authorized interpreters are enough for science. The earlier part of Mr. Case's treatise shows, on the other hand, that our poor, frail human reason may be an ally of revelation, and that, too, with the slightest expenditure of force. "The moral philosopher should content himself with the secondary laws of human nature," it is true, but the Moral Realist is ready to go much further. Morality and theories of conduct are based on theories of knowing and being. Mr. Case shows that the Idealist's theory of knowing and being is useless to orthodoxy. According to Christian theology, says Mr. Case, "man is not merely a soul to be immortal, but a body to be raised." Now, what has Idealism to say about bodies? "If Idealism is true, I am alone in the world. If Realism is true, I know external bodies," &c. To an orthodox moral philosophy—in a word, to a philosophy which recognizes herself as *ancilla ecclesiæ*—"Short is the friend, not Codlin." In vain Idealism declares that she is the true friend of Orthodoxy, the consistent foe of Materialism, who is the villain in this charming little idyl of speculation. Idealism knows nothing of bodies; Materialism thinks it knows too much; it is only Mr. Case's Realism that hits the just medium, and knows exactly the convenient thing. How Realism comes to know all it does we are not told, and do not expect to find out. "Realism may be defined as the theory that things really exist whether we know them or not, while at the same time we have a power of knowing them, of transcending both our sensations and our ideas, and of grasping the real attributes, essences, causes, and necessary laws of things." The Monsieur Jourdain of metaphysics, the Idealist, has been grasping real essences, causes, and necessary laws all his life long, without knowing it. He has Mr. Case's word for it.

It is perhaps a sign of the earnestness of the existing schools of philosophy that they are so eager to "drive at practice." Just as was the custom in older and less tolerant times, when the Cardinal did not yet lie down with the Comtist, so now the younger philosophers look far ahead to moral and religious consequences, and almost accuse each other of corrupting the public mind. After every fresh hypothesis made in the region of physical science, disputants rush to show how it squares, or does not square, with orthodoxy and theology. The school of Moral Realists, if there be a school, shows this too eager haste. We should hear first how the metaphysical tortoise of Realism is to be set firmly on its feet, before we are asked to pile the world of moral conduct and the paradise of orthodox theology on its back. The philosophy of a University like Oxford ought rather to be busy with historical criticism and investigation of systems than with the task of showing how one system does and another does not fit in with the Psalms of David. The blame in the first instance lies perhaps with the fervid young students of physical science who drag ascidians and apes by the head and ears, if ascidians have ears, into controversies about morals. Their bad example is no excuse for rash haste on the opposite side. Let undergraduates read their *Ethics* and *Politics* in peace, and let the future occupant of the chair lately vacated by the President of Corpus leave the Church to take care of herself. She is perfectly able to do so without the aid of Realism in Morals.

"BESSIE."

IT would be well if the Catalogues of our modern picture exhibitions were not forthcoming until the critics had committed themselves to an opinion upon the merits of the works. Indeed, if the pictures were sent up for competition with only a name or a number, it might be an advantage both to the artists and to the Hanging Committee. We might then hope that few meritorious efforts would be rejected, and no sweepings of studios accepted because of the names on the back. A lover of art, with knowledge and cultivation, wanders through the present show at the Dudley Gallery. He marvels at the fine technical quality of the painting to be found on many canvases; at the poverty of invention in the subjects; the general commonplace mediocrity displayed on the walls. The Catalogue is in his pocket, or lies unopened in

his hand, or is given away to some one who is hopelessly trying to unravel a mystery where not mystery, but only incompleteness, is to be found. A good picture always tells its own story. He would like to buy one from this collection, but has gone twice round the room without being able to find anything endurable for more than a few minutes, except what has been sold before being sent in. As he is going out of the door with a mournful sigh, a friend meets him, and asks with enthusiasm, "Have you seen the Watts?" He brightens up; perhaps he has overlooked a gem. The friend takes his arm, and he finds himself face to face with "Bessie, by G. F. Watts, R.A." He turns on his heel, and goes away angry as well as sad. Mr. Watts has entered the lists against Mr. Frith, and is fairly beaten in the contest. "Bessie" is a pendant to "Sherry, Sir," except that the maid who bears the decanter is pretty, if she is a little vulgar; whilst the girl who serves afternoon tea is as plain as a fat, expressionless, and somewhat crooked face can make her. Mr. Watts probably troubles himself very little as to what the critics say; but it is just possible he may have determined to try their faith; and, if he reads their remarks, he may have enjoyed their evident despair at the hopelessness of trying to praise. One great organ of opinion did succeed in finding words which at first sight look like praise. "Bessie" has a touch of the ideal in her face, which "suggests possibilities of her blossoming," but the writer breaks down, and confesses that she is "as mere a parlourmaid" as Mr. Frith ever drew. Another eminent critic describes her as "not of much account," but says she could "only have proceeded from a hand" which—*et cetera*. But there are a few more outspoken notices. Mr. Watts, according to one, has curious moments of weakness. His parlourmaid has "no line of gravitation," whatever gravitation may mean in parlourmaids. Her mouth has no drawing. The painting is flimsy. According to another, the Dudley Gallery seems to be a place to which eminent painters think they can send their experiments. On the whole, one and all are grievously exercised, and find it as hard to say something smooth as to avoid saying something rough. There is no reason why a parlourmaid should not be painted. She is often very attractive, a very pleasant sight. It is no more necessary to make her vulgar with Mr. Frith than ugly with Mr. Watts; but the true Bessie is something different from either type.

It is possible to see good reasons why a few people should prefer women to men as attendants, and indulge only in a page as the representative of the domestic male. The maid is likely to be more civil and obliging than the footman, if less physically powerful. Her chief characteristics are neatness and clean hands. Indeed she sometimes rises to a calm dignity which is almost elegance. Without these qualities abnormally developed Bessie is a mere housemaid, and suggests no "possibilities of blossoming." She puts everything by, she knows where everything is, except the corkscrew, which the page is held responsible for losing. You may strew her path with corkscrews, but she can never find one. And the reason is obvious; drawing corks is too much for her strength and the attitude is unbecoming. Here the difference between a footman and a parlourmaid is at once apparent. She lays the table as neatly as a man and attends at it as well. She can give an intelligible answer at the hall-door, and will make an excuse to a caller or tell a fib with as unblushing a front as if her head were powdered and her shoulder bore a knot. She can brush her master's hat and can also mend his gloves. She can scold the postman, and can also propitiate him by allowing him to squeeze her hand at the door and by asking for his Christmas-box when master is in a good humour. She has, in short, all the effrontery of the footman, with certain powers of pleasing and an appearance of modesty all her own. There is no fear of her admitting a troublesome visitor; she does not smash more than a fair percentage of the table-glass; her dress is always appropriate, and she does not rush to the door struggling into a coat or with her hair disordered. In some houses, though Bessie has no livery, her mob cap is of the correct Queen Anne type, and her gown and apron are chosen to harmonize with the decorations of the house, so that, when the door is opened, a pictorial effect may be produced in the hall, and possibilities of all kinds of blossoming suggested. To see the same young person in the ordinary garb of domestic life is a very different thing. The Bessie who seems to have stepped out of a Kneller or a Reynolds, or to be a Dresden shepherdess from off the chimney-piece, looks much less interesting in a silk dress, chignon, and tight single-button gloves when she takes her Sunday out. Fortunately she is unconscious of this fact, and trips happily to the trysting-place to meet her young man, shorn of all the charms which would fascinate the artist who might see her at the door, but in her lover's eyes "quite the lady."

In her strictly domestic aspect Bessie is not without her failings. It is perhaps her misfortune rather than her fault that she is not habitually truthful. No doubt she endeavours, as a rule, to make facts and words square with tolerable exactness; but, if they do not square, she has little scruple in throwing aside such trammels, and lies perseveringly, unblushingly, and for the most part successfully. She can throw into her eyes an expression of candour such as only another woman would dare to question. Her character being marred by this weakness, she lives in a state of perpetual warfare with the cook, whose downright and coarser nature professes to detest a sham. A better reason may be found in the frequent rivalry of affection for the same carpenter or policeman, a rivalry embittered to the cook by the far better chances afforded to the parlourmaid. Proper as her outward demeanour is, she is a systematic flirt, and her adversary has but too good cause

when she upbraids her with stolen kisses, surreptitious outings, and followers where no followers are allowed. But no one is immaculate, and Bessie's little failings may be left to her own conscience and the care of her spiritual adviser; for, as a rule, she is pious, and may be heard singing the most devotional hymns as she sits darning the table-cloths. She is often of a literary turn. Her political organ is the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Times* she professes not to care for; it is dull, and has no news. She has her views upon strikes, Sunday museums, and the output of coal, and her historical knowledge has been carefully culled from Mme. Tussaud. It is, however, the *Family Herald* that brings into her life that leaven of romance without which no Bessie can smile at her work or pin on her cap with a proper amount of hopeful attention. The fair man with the dark hair and a bag of money who is ascertained by the fortune-teller to be bound up in her fate may appear at any moment. The young man with the shop and the back-parlour of which she dreams, and for which she gathers ornaments, may come any day. If a volume of one of Mudie's best novels is missing, it will probably be found under Bessie's pillow, and a late breakfast may often be traced to the charms of the novelist. Bessie likes dinner-parties but hates afternoon tea, for she is rapacious of tips and does not approve of "quiet families." The cook remarks, not perhaps quite without truth, that Bessie's head always aches the morning after there has been a dinner-party, and goes on to hint that the sherry was not all drunk in the dining-room. But Bessie can well afford to disregard these malevolent expressions, since she keeps the key of the beer, and sometimes that of the cellar likewise. How far she is under the domination of the lady of the house is a question not always easy to determine, but occasionally in a small family she unites the duties of ladies-maid with those of butler and valet. In this case she probably rules the whole house as she has the ear of both its heads, and exercises a benevolent but irresponsible tyranny analogous to that of the old family nurse of tradition and romance. Bessie settles matrimonial differences, takes care of the accounts, gives the cook warning, changes the grocer, scolds her master and mistress alternately, and keeps everybody in order by threatening to marry and give up service whenever she is crossed. She speaks of the family as "we," talks of "our" house and "our" servants, and gives her opinion freely and openly on all that goes on. She is of course well acquainted with all family secrets, as she makes no scruple of reading letters. Lazy or busy people are very well satisfied with her, as she oils the machinery of life for them; but a managing housekeeper, a second wife, or a bride finds it impossible to get on with her long.

Under ordinary circumstances Bessie's relations with the page are of a complicated and delicate nature. He adores her openly, and vows that, if she will but wait ten or fifteen years for him, he will make her his wife. This worship she takes as a matter of course, and has the cruelty to employ her worshipper in little missions of a confidential character to his rivals in her affections. It is he who lets Tomkins know that Bessie will be accidentally at evening church next Sunday; it is he who watches Jones as he goes into two public-houses on his way home, and reports against him in consequence, not without a secret feeling of pleasure. In one melancholy case a parlourmaid for whom the page entertained a hopeless passion employed him to take a note for her to the footman of another family. What was the unhappy boy's distress to find that, by a coincidence which occurs seldom except in novels, his rival was his own big brother, who had so often thrashed him at home. Even here, however, no tragedy ensued; and the fickle Bessie eventually married a third sweetheart. It occasionally happens that the Buttons's love is so little returned that it becomes hate, and the strife is embittered by many a slapping, many a complaint to master, many a threat. But victory is not always on the side of the stronger, for pages have opportunities of mischief denied to other mortals, and are reckless in their revenge. In one case the unhappy Bessie had her head nearly split by a shutter ingeniously opened while she was stooping below. In another the gas was turned on in the pantry, and a small but sufficiently alarming explosion punished the offending maid. The page who starts from behind a door when Bessie is carrying the tray of glasses, or who lets off a soda-water bottle in her face, may also be mentioned with disapproval; but it must be allowed in extenuation that his provocation is often very great. The parlourmaid is not above small tyrannies and petty spite, and if the page has a tenderness for her, it only makes his bondage the more bitter. But it frequently happens that their life is one of harmony. She may be good-tempered or really anxious to teach him; and, in consideration of the many little services he can render her, and the use she makes of his nimble legs in running her messages, she attends to his education, cultivates his manners, makes him read aloud to her, and corrects his pronunciation on some such principle as we overheard the other day:—"Don't say ax, you vulgar boy; say 'harsk.'"

THE POWER OF DISSOLUTION.

IN contemplating the nature and working of the existing French Constitution, those who are curious in political combinations will be struck, perhaps more than with anything else, with the singular arrangement made for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. In so saying we of course speak of the constitution

itself and its lawful working; for neither the arrangements made for dissolution nor any other arrangements in this constitution or in any other can be half so wonderful as the projected, and quite possible, working of the constitution in the hands of those who have turned it into a "Marshallate." The choice of a Marshal, a whole Marshal, and nothing but a Marshal, to be President of a commonwealth was in itself grotesque enough, except on the theory that Marshal means warming-pan. A Marshal who was content to be a dummy might get through his presidency respectably, if not brilliantly. But a Marshal the work of whose presidency should be to turn the popular Chamber into a series of dissolving views beats everything that constitution-making has yet given us. A single dissolution, strange as were the circumstances of the last dissolution, might not have been so amazing; at all events it came within the letter of the constitution. But the notion of appealing to the country by a dissolution, and then threatening the choice of the country with a second dissolution, sounds unlike either President or King of our time. We think instinctively of the first Charles who reigned in England and of the last Charles who reigned in France. Happily the notion has no longer a place, at any rate for the present, within the range of practical politics; but the mere thought of such a strange abuse of the power of dissolution calls our thoughts back to the question of dissolution at all. We in England are so used to the exercise of the power, within certain moderate limits, that it perhaps does not often come into our heads to think what is the origin and meaning of that power among ourselves. If we do look into it a little further, we may perhaps be inclined to think that, natural as the power of dissolution is in a constitutional monarchy, it is something which seems altogether out of place in any constitution which calls itself republican.

First of all, there is the practice of the two chief modern republics against it. No lawful power can dissolve either the American Congress or the Swiss Federal Assembly before the end of the term for which it is elected. Different as is the constitution of the Executive, and its relation to the Legislature in the two commonwealths, in this they agree. Neither of them trusts either the Executive magistrate or any other power in the State with the right to dismiss the representatives of the nation before the end of the time for which the nation itself has chosen them. In the Swiss constitution, the relations between the Executive and the two Houses of the Assembly are such that a power of dissolution anywhere would seem almost ridiculous. It is perhaps more to the purpose that the American President, who wields so much greater personal powers, and who stands in a position so much more external to the Legislature, is not trusted with this power of cutting the life of the Legislature short. A very little thought will show that the power is one essentially kingly, one which arises wholly out of the relations between the English Kings and the early English Parliaments; one which could hardly have been thought of in a republican constitution, unless it were one which was bent on imitating kingly forms as closely as might be.

The King's power of dissolving Parliament logically follows from the doctrine of the lawyers, that the Parliament is the King's Parliament, summoned by him to give him advice, and deriving its being from that summons. The Parliament being assumed as something which the King has called into being, it follows not unnaturally that the King can put an end to its being. It comes together to give the King advice and to grant him money; when it has done all that he wishes, he sends it away again. It is quite certain that this doctrine of the complete dependence of Parliament on the King has no root in the history of our earliest national assemblies. One example is enough. According to a doctrine which was held till quite modern times, and which has been got rid of only by modern Acts of Parliament, Parliament so wholly derived its being from the King's summons that, if the King who had summoned a Parliament died while it was in being, the Parliament dropped to pieces of itself without any further ceremony. This doctrine was quite inconsistent with the doctrine of older times that the greatest function of the national assembly was to elect the King. The assembly which, when a King died, came together to choose his successor, could not possibly be summoned by a King's writ. But the later doctrine as to the relation of King and Parliament was a very natural doctrine to arise under the circumstances of the times when our national assemblies put on their present shape. Parliaments, as a matter of fact, met only when the King summoned them, and it depended very much on the King's summons of what members each particular Parliament should consist. The Earls, the Bishops, and the Knights of the shires were permanent elements. But, though some Abbots and Barons were always summoned, for a long time it was not always the same Abbots or the same Barons that were summoned; though some boroughs were always called on to return members, it was not always the same boroughs that were called on. And when the Parliament came together, its business was directly with the King, to grant him money, to give him counsel, to lay the national grievances before him by way of petition. A Parliament in fact was, as its name implies, a talk between the King and the Estates of the Realm. When the talk was over, the King who had brought the Estates together put an end to their meeting, often to the great delight of those who had come together.

Here then is the power of dissolution in its primitive form, in a form in which it was little more than the power which must belong to the chairman of every meeting, that of declaring when the

business of the meeting is over. To turn this power into an instrument of policy, to keep on a Parliament which suited the King, to get rid of a Parliament which did not suit him, was a later stage. It is a stage which could hardly come about till Parliaments had lost somewhat of their original character. It could not be of much importance till Parliaments had become somewhat more long-lived than they were in their earliest day. The power of dissolution, in short, in the modern sense, arose out of the power of prorogation. In the earliest days of Parliaments, the notion of prorogation, in the modern sense, had not come into anybody's head. A Parliament was summoned; elections were made; the members came together; they did their business, and separated. The *parlement*, the talk, was over; when the King felt the need of another talk with his people, new summonses went out, new elections were made. No one had then thought of the possibility of a recess; no one had thought that there could be a time when the talk was not going on, but when those who had had a hand in the last talk were ready to come together to the next without any fresh election. The permanent *status* of a Member of Parliament, a *status* going on when Parliament is not actually at work, was then unknown. Gradually the Kings found that it was often convenient to prolong the existence of a Parliament already in being rather than to have fresh elections every time Parliament was to meet. The Parliament separated; but it was not dissolved, it was only prorogued. It was prorogued, not merely for a day or two, but for months, possibly for years, till the King wished for its presence again. This practice came in gradually; it was well known under Edward the Fourth; it became habitual and important under Henry the Eighth. Several of his Parliaments lasted in this way for four or five years, a thing which would have seemed strange to Edward the First. By Henry's time the art of packing and managing Parliaments was thoroughly well understood. When the King had got a House of Commons which suited him, he was naturally willing to keep it, and unwilling to run the risk of changing it for another.

It is when this practice of prorogation for long intervals is thoroughly established that the power of dissolution in the modern sense first becomes of importance. The business of the meeting or session is done; it is no longer a matter of course that the body which came together to do that business shall come to an end when the immediate occasion of their coming together is over. It rests with the King whether their life shall be altogether extinguished, or whether it shall be kept on in a kind of dormant state till it is thought good to set them to work again. Practically it rests with the King whether he shall keep the same men to meet again the next time he may wish to meet his Parliament, or whether he will give his people the opportunity of sending the same men or others, as they may think good. Which he shall do will of course depend on the behaviour of the Parliament, or at least of the elective branch of it. Prolonged life will be the reward of conduct agreeable to the Sovereign; a speedier end will be the penalty of conduct of another kind. At this stage we have reached the conception of a penal dissolution. We have also reached the age when Parliaments were prolonged indefinitely till the country was represented by men chosen by a past generation. That this was really the greater danger of the two is shown by the course of English legislation. No permanent restriction was ever placed on the King's power to dissolve; the Act of the Long Parliament was a special enactment for that Parliament only. But the Triennial Act, even the Septennial Act, were witnesses to the need which was felt for putting some check on the King's power of keeping on, if he chose, the same House of Commons—modified of course by occasional fresh elections—from his accession to his death.

Our conventional constitution has given us a rule in this matter as in others. A Ministry may dissolve Parliament; that is, they may, as the phrase is, appeal to the country. But both reason and usage dictate that by the result of that appeal they must abide. If the newly chosen House is against them, there is no hope for them; they must resign. So fully is this understood that on two late occasions the Ministry did not even wait to meet Parliament, but resigned simply because the result of the elections showed that the new House would be against them. This is the opposite to Charles the Tenth's notion of dissolving the Chambers before they had met. That notion was confessedly monstrous; it was not so much dissolving a Parliament as annulling the elections. It was a measure suicidal on the face of it. But to dissolve a newly elected Chamber simply because it proves hostile to the existing Ministry, if not quite so monstrous in appearance, is really quite as unreasonable. It is to make the appeal to the nation, and then to refuse to abide by the answer to that appeal. Such a dissolution could be made only in the hope of playing off some machinery of fraud or coercion at the next election. The mathematical reckoning of one, two, three powers in the State, of which two can outvote the third, is really respectable compared with this.

But beyond this, the whole bearing of our inquiry shows that the power of dissolution is something wholly out of place in a republican constitution. The theory in accordance with which a King dissolves his Parliament is quite inapplicable to a republican Executive, whatever may be its form. The King dissolves, because the Parliament is his Parliament, summoned by his writ, deriving, according to the later doctrine, its very being from his summons. No republican assembly stands, or can stand, in this relation to the Executive. An Executive, be its form what it might, to which the Assembly stood in such a relation would be in truth, not a repub-

lican magistracy, but a kingly sovereignty. The American Congress is not the President's Congress; when we try to apply the same formula to the Swiss Federal Council and Federal Assembly, the notion becomes almost too grotesque even to be denied. And if there is not the same historical reason for the power of dissolution in a commonwealth which there is in a monarchy, neither is there the same practical reason. A Minister appeals to the country on the perfectly understood terms that he is to stand or fall by the result of that appeal. That understanding can be applied to a Minister who holds office, not for a fixed term, but during the good will of the King; that is to say, during the good will of the House of Commons. If the new House is against him, there is no need to depose him; he deposes himself. But when a magistrate is elected for a given time, there are no means of deposing him before the end of that time, except in case of proved crime. The very conditions of his election imply that he is not to be called on to resign before the end of his term. The Minister may dissolve Parliament, because Parliament can virtually depose him. The republican magistrate may not dissolve the Assembly, because the Assembly cannot depose him. If the President of the United States were authorized, after the pattern of Kings and their Ministers, to dissolve Congress, it would have, in common fairness, to be added that the Congress chosen in answer to such dissolution should be empowered to depose the President, even though he had done nothing to make himself liable to impeachment. That is to say, the Executive and Legislative branches would have to be declared to be mutually hostile powers, armed with the right of mutual destruction. Our silent conventional system avoids all these difficulties; but our silent conventional system is inconsistent with republican forms. Hitherto therefore the chief republican constitutions have forborne to vest in either branch of the State the power of putting an end to the other.

Nor are matters at all mended by giving, as in France now, the power of dissolution, not to the President by himself, but to the President with the consent of the Senate. This seems to be a helpless imitation of the provision in the American Constitution which makes the consent of the Senate necessary to many acts of the President. That provision is a most wholesome one for its own purposes; but it is strangely misapplied when it is turned about to give President and Senate the power of dissolving the popular branch of the Legislature. It would be hard to hit upon anything more invidious than to give one House of a Legislature the power, or a share in the power, of dissolving the other House. The theory on which dissolution is allowable looks on the assembling and dissolving of Parliaments, the rise and fall of Ministries, as a matter which lies between the Ministers and the popular Chamber. The Upper House has its place in the economy of the State; but the question when Parliament should be dissolved is the last question which it ought to be asked. The Upper House, even when it is elective, is, in most cases, more permanent than the Lower; a dissolution affects it less or not at all. For that very reason it should not be asked to pass sentence on its fellow House. With the Minister the thing is fair; if he dissolves Parliament, he risks office by dissolving it. The Upper Chamber would dissolve without risk, or with risk to part of its members only. Nothing can be thought of more likely to create lasting bad feeling between the two branches of the Legislature. The only thing to be said is that, if a Marshal could be found reckless enough to propose the dissolution of a newly elected Assembly simply because it did not approve of a particular Minister or succession of Ministers, it would be stranger still if he found a Senate unwise enough to follow him in so frantic an act.

THE HIGHLANDS AS THEY WERE.

"AN Account of the Highlands, with the Customs and Manners of the Highlanders; interspersed with Facts and Circumstances entirely New to the generality of People in England, and little known in the Southern Parts of Scotland," would perhaps have less of the attraction of novelty for readers nowadays than it had when it was published in 1815, some of the work having been written as early as 1726. The hurrying press of tourists has invaded many a place that comparatively a few years ago had the charms of simplicity and solitude; and the only way of securing any of the fascination of discomfort for an ordinary journey to the North is to go at this time of year by steamer from Greenock to or towards Ardrishaig, when there is a tolerable chance of getting rough weather, and a certainty of finding fewer travellers and fewer luxuries on board the boat than in summer and early autumn. It is no doubt as true now as it was when "a Gentleman in the North of Scotland" wrote, in the form of letters to a London friend, the account we have spoken of, that "all parts of the Highlands are not exactly alike"; and it may well be that there is also a difference in "the customs and manners of the natives, of whom some are more civilized than others." But a traveller in the present day would have to go to some more remote part than Kelso before he could find a hostelry which was kept by a man who "would have his guests to know he was a gentleman, and did not employ himself in anything so low as attendance, but left it to his wife," and in which the food was served up in so disgusting and savage a manner that it was impossible to eat it. The "Gentleman in the North of Scotland" was equally

vexed when he went by invitation to sup at an Edinburgh tavern, and found the cook "too filthy an object to be described," but he was proportionately amused when he heard duck, fowl, and moor-fowl pronounced, according to his account, as *duke*, *fool*, and *meer-fool*. When he first came into the High-street he thought he had "not seen anything of the kind more magnificent," and in this the modern traveller will be ready to agree with him; but, on the other hand, he will scarcely be able to understand how Glasgow ever was "to outward appearance the prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw." From Glasgow the letter-writer proceeded presently to Inverness, where he was much struck by the beauty of a toll-bridge, the toll on which was a *bottle* or sixth part of a penny, and also by "an instance of the extreme indigence of some of the country people" which he found in observing women with heavy loads wade at considerable hazard through the water rather than pay the necessary *bottle*. He derived much diversion on this bridge from watching seals pursue salmon up the river within as little distance of the observer as fifty yards; and, in spite of these opportunities for forming an accurate judgment, he came to the conclusion that a seal "has altogether a most horrid look, inasmuch that, if any one were to paint a Gorgon's head, I think he could not find a more frightful model." But, notwithstanding the ferocious appearance which the creatures had in this traveller's eyes, he did not believe in the story of their throwing stones with their fins or hands at the fishermen when pursued.

The "street-houses" in the smaller Scotch towns were, at the time referred to, even the best sort, "for the most part low, because of the violent flurries of wind which pour upon the town from the adjacent mountains," and they were also generally "contrived after one manner, with a staircase withoutside, either round or square." Such a staircase can at this day be observed attached to John Knox's house in the Canongate of Edinburgh. The way in which the walls of the houses were built made them "receptacles for prodigious numbers of rats, which abounded everywhere in the small Scotch towns, especially near the sea." When they had outgrown the resources of the place in which they were settled, they were wont, according to "credible information," to creep into the matted manes and tails of the horses, and thus get transported to other places. The houses that were not sashed, to follow our traveller in his particular descriptions, had two shutters turning upon hinges for the lower part of the window, and had only the upper part glazed. The inquirer was told that this was because formerly in clan quarrels many people had been shot through the window from the opposite side of the way. He says that he believes the true reason to be saving the expense of glass. This, however, may be one of the "few strokes that savour of the satirical," to which reference is made in an advertisement to the letters, which further points out that these strokes are "just enough to show that if inclination had prompted humour would not have been wanting." The writer is no less severe upon what he considers "a proper subject of ridicule, if there ever was any such thing," the vanity which he found induced a peddling shopkeeper to call himself a merchant, the laundress to be described as a gentlewoman, and a piper who came in to play after dinner to be introduced as a very good gentleman. This our traveller objected to very reasonably on the ground of its corrupting influence, for it allowed a gentleman to be a piper or to keep a little ale-house where he brewed his own drink in a kettle, while to be of any working trade, however profitable, would have been considered a disgrace to him and all his ancestry. It seems to have been at Inverness that the laziness of the fishermen excited a certain amount of indignation in the letter-writer, and one need not be surprised at this on reading that when the boats came in at low ebb the women waded out to them to bring back the fish, and having done this returned for the fishermen, whom they carried ashore on their backs.

But the traveller's experience in such towns as Inverness was, on the whole, less interesting than that which followed it. When he came among the hills he was much shocked by their "dismal gloomy brown drawing upon a dirty purple," and thought their appearance most of all unbearable when the heather was in bloom. The clearer the day the more rude and offensive were the hills to his sight; and their "stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom" combined to produce upon him a most disagreeable impression. It is curious to be thus introduced to a time when a man of education and cultivation not only had no feeling for the picturesque, but also did not think it necessary to affect it; and it will be curious to mountaineers to hear the terms in which Ben Nevis was spoken of. Some English officers, it seems, had wished to go up the mountain, but could not effect it for bogs and huge perpendicular rocks. When they had got as high as they could go (for the top of the mountain was known to be inaccessible), they found a vast change in the quality of the air, and saw nothing but the tops of other mountains, "and altogether a prospect of one vast tremendous heath, with here and there some spots of crags and snow." Their unsuccessful attempt took them a whole summer's day from five in the morning. But these dangers and horrors were but a beginning. "In passing to the heart of the Highlands we proceed from bad to worse." The only consolation our traveller found, while looking at the appalling and hideous heights surrounding him, was thinking of "a poetical mountain, smooth and easy of ascent, clothed with a verdant flowery turf"—in short, of Richmond Hill; and he admits that his correspondent may well ask what can be the use of "such monstrous excrescences" as the Highland hills, in the ascent of which

he always despaired of ever reaching the top. The fords through which he had to swim his horse, the narrow gorges through which he had to pass, filled him with alarm and disgust; one place was especially appalling where there was a precipice of about a hundred yards in length, along which he "chose to ride," though it was extremely terrifying. To the Highland population the writer allows, in the first instance somewhat grudgingly, certain merits, and describes how a Highlander fell down on his knees and kissed his hand because he had presented a bottle of Chateau Margot (*sic*) to the man's sick wife. But, as the traveller becomes more carried away by his subject, his praise of the Highlanders grows less stinted, and he even compares them with the English peasant population, much to the disadvantage of the latter. For the dignity, good breeding, and stateliness which to this day are noteworthy among Highland peasants, he accounted on two curiously incongruous grounds. "They have a pride in their family, as almost every one is a genealogist; they wear light brogues or pumps, and are accustomed to skip over rocks and bogs." The state of the Highlanders in the winter is described as most deplorable; they had no diversions or amusements, but sat brooding in the smoke over the fire till their legs were scorched to an extraordinary degree, and many of them became sore-eyed, and even blind. This long continuance in the smoke also made them as black as chimney-sweepers, which mattered the less as they were not very solicitous about their outward appearance. Instead of candles they used sticks of fir, and when they had no fire at hand, they produced it after the manner of savages, by rubbing two sticks together. Some information about the habits of the gentry is curious. The foster-brother of a laird became his *hanchman*, so called from standing at his haunch during drinking bouts to see if any one offended his patron. The author relates an occasion when a Highland chieftain and an English officer, "both being well warmed with usky (*sic*)" disputed so hotly that the *hanchman* drew his pistol and aimed it at the officer, and had it not missed fire, "it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin." On the whole, however, the traveller's impressions seem to have been that the Highlands were not so black as they had been painted. Despite the discomforts and dangers which made so lively an impression on his mind, despite even the unusually hideous and appalling scenery which burst upon his view, he seems to have been interested, if only out of sheer curiosity, in the country, and, with regard to the people, he came to the conclusion that he could not approve the Lowland saying, "Show me a Highlander, and I will show you a thief."

THE REPORT ON THE INFLEXIBLE.

THE reasons for the peculiar form of construction adopted in the *Inflexible* are clearly stated by the Committee in their very valuable and lucid Report. They say, what is indisputably true, that, "so long as the use of armour on ships of war is continued, its thickness must be determined with reference to the power of artillery existing or in prospect"; and that "hitherto no sooner has the architect turned out an ironclad with an added inch or two of armour than the artillery has produced a gun of power increased to match it," until at last armour of twenty-two inches has been completely penetrated by shell with a surplus of power which showed that they would have penetrated at a range of 2,000 yards. A thickness of twenty-two inches was therefore clearly not enough, and armour of twenty-four inches was desired; but it was obvious that it could only cover a small part of the ship. Already in the *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, cuirassed with twelve-inch plates, the armour had been cut down to a belt at the water-line, and a covering for a central citadel in which were the engines and the armament. With twenty-four inch plates a further reduction was required; and with a view to meeting this necessity the *Inflexible* was designed. In describing her the Committee say that "the belt of armour at the water-line, instead of being carried right round the ship, is limited to the central citadel, which occupies about one third of the length of the ship; of the other two thirds, forming the ends of the vessel, the greater portion of that part which is under water is isolated from the superstructure, and its buoyancy secured as against artillery by a shot-proof deck placed from six to eight feet below the water-line. Over the shot-proof deck, at a level a little above the water-line, comes the middle deck; and the entire space between the two decks is divided into compartments arranged partly to carry coal and partly stores, packed in watertight tanks, forming further subdivisions of the space. Next the sides of the ship the compartments are about four feet wide, and are filled with cork; and inside this again are compartments two feet wide filled with layers of canvas and oakum, which by experiment are found to partially close holes made by shot passing through, and to check the flow of water." The superstructure is completed by an upper deck flush with the citadel, and running the whole length of the vessel, and "the ship thus consists of a central armoured citadel, rising well out of the water, and of two submerged ends, on which are raised unarmoured structures completing the form of the ship, providing liberal space for officers and crew, for stores and fuel, and intended to give the requisite reserve of stability."

Such is the *Inflexible*, and the question which has been raised about her is, whether safety has been attained in her, whether her

unprotected ends might not receive such injury in action as would deprive her of her stability, and make it by no means improbable that she might capsize. It would indeed be lamentable if a vessel had been constructed which was likely to share the fate of the *Captain*; but still it must be borne in mind that, in speaking of a man-of-war, the word "safety" can never be used in anything like an absolute sense. "Accidents will happen with the best regulated enemies," as one of the characters in a comedy of Mr. Robertson's observes; and when vast skill and great scientific knowledge are employed for the purpose of sinking ships or of making them most emphatically unsafe, it is not very probable that vessels will be produced which cannot be sunk or cannot be under any circumstances made unsafe. It would have been interesting to hear the remarks of a naval officer of the Nelson period if he had been told that it was quite possible that his ship might be in a dangerous state after an action. What can be reasonably asked is that such skill shall be exerted in the construction of a man-of-war as to render it an extremely difficult task for an enemy to send her to the bottom, or so to maim her as to make her condition a very dangerous one. Whether this result had been attained in the case of the *Inflexible* was practically the question put to the Committee which had to report on her structure, and to this question they have returned a very definite and apparently a very well-considered answer. They were certainly under the necessity of pronouncing clearly and decidedly on the validity of the objections which had been made to the vessel. It cannot be said that the Admiralty showed the slightest desire to shield their naval constructors by vague queries to which equally vague replies might be made. The ship is or is not fit for the purpose for which she was designed. This the Committee have been called on to decide, so far as theoretical knowledge can decide such a matter. Their decision is clear, and in troubled days, when no man knows what the morrow may bring forth, is not a little reassuring.

Three questions, which might more properly have been called five, as each of the two latter was divided into two clauses, were put by the Admiralty. By the first and the most important of them the Committee were asked to say whether the complete penetration and waterlogging of the unprotected ends of the ship, and the blowing out of the whole of the stores and the cork by the action of shell-fire, was likely to happen very early in an engagement. To this the Committee reply that, in their opinion, neither of these contingencies is likely to happen early in an engagement; and that, moreover, they are "in a very high degree improbable even in an engagement protracted to any extent that can reasonably be anticipated." They observe that the condition contemplated is equivalent to the "annihilation of the unprotected ends of the ship"; and they point out that, despite the range and accuracy of modern guns, there are so many sources of error in an action at sea, arising from the motion of the attacking and attacked vessels, from rolling and pitching, from imperfect knowledge of the distance of the object aimed at, and from other causes, as greatly to diminish the number of chances of successful hits. Most of the shells which do hit will, they consider, pass through the cork wall and explode inside it; and their opinion is that, "although the riddling of all the compartments is a possibility to be recognized and taken into account, this cannot be said of the blowing out of all the cork and materials." On the most important point, then, the Committee's decision is strongly in favour of the *Inflexible*. The next question asked them was whether, assuming complete penetration, waterlogging, and the blowing out of the cork, &c., the vessel would be likely to capsize, supposing that water ballast were admitted into the double bottom of her armoured citadel. As has been seen, the Committee consider the contingencies mentioned extremely unlikely; but they answer that the vessel would still, owing to the remarkable effect of free internal water in diminishing rolling, have sufficient stability to enable her to encounter with safety waves of considerable magnitude; but that, under these circumstances, it would be necessary to handle her with great caution. They add moreover that, if reduced to this condition in the presence of a powerful enemy, the ship would be in a very critical state, as no doubt she would be; but it hardly required the labours of a Committee to discover this. To the question thus answered the Admiralty appended a second clause asking whether, if the vessel were in the state which has been mentioned, such repairs could be effected at sea as would enable her to reach a port. The Committee reply that, under such circumstances, nothing effective in the way of repairs could be done at sea; but, as they do not consider the extreme condition assumed in the least degree probable, this answer is not of much importance.

In their third question the Admiralty ask, first, whether, all points considered, the *Inflexible* is a safe sea-going vessel, to which the Committee briefly reply that in an intact condition she is; and, secondly, "whether, when the amount of damage to which the unprotected ends would be exposed in action is borne in mind, sufficient provision has been made to ensure in all human probability her safety under such conditions?" The Committee have clearly been somewhat puzzled as to how to answer this remarkably wide question. The whole object of war is to prevent safety, and to ask whether the certainty of it has been attained is almost the same thing as to ask whether success in any naval engagement has been made certain. It would no doubt be a very pleasant thing for this country if her naval architects could produce vessels which were, "in all human probability," so safe that they could be sent into action with the certainty that they could neither be sunk nor so injured as to make their sinking

probable. In such ships seamen would be able leisurely to demolish the enemy's fleet without having to trouble themselves about any inconvenience which might result from the enemy's return fire. It is to be feared, however, that even modern science and skill cannot ensure such an ideal vessel as this, and the Committee, as may easily be imagined, seem to have been a little bewildered by the rather puerile nature of the question put to them. They succeed, however, in returning a sensible and practical reply. They point out that after such damage as the ship is likely to receive in action she will still retain both buoyancy and stability, and, not without a certain grave irony, they inform the Admiralty that an absolutely impregnable vessel can hardly be expected. "It cannot be said," they observe, "that the armoured citadel is invulnerable, or that the unarmoured ends are indestructible, although the character of the risks they run is different. But in our opinion the unprotected ends are as well able as the armoured citadel to bear the part assigned to them in encountering the various risks of naval warfare, and therefore we consider that a just balance has been maintained in the design, so that out of a given set of conditions a good result has been obtained."

Such is the decision of the Committee on this much discussed vessel, and it will be difficult for any one who reads their Report to deny that they have arrived at a just conclusion. It is true that some of the results on which they rely were obtained from experiments made with models, and it has been urged that experiments with a model cannot be relied on as showing how a vessel will behave; but it must be remembered that Mr. Froude, perhaps the first living authority on these subjects, was one of the Committee, and that he has devoted great attention to obtaining from models trustworthy results respecting the resistance of ships. Mr. White, in his recently published work on naval architecture, remarks that "Mr. Froude has given to the naval architect the power, from a comparatively inexpensive series of experiments on models, to arrive at a close approximation to the resistance of ships." There would seem, then, to be no reason for supposing that any of the conclusions drawn by the Committee from experiments made with a model of the vessel they had to pronounce upon are other than well founded.

At the conclusion of their Report the Committee recommend certain changes in the *Inflexible*, and a further change in any ship of the same type which may be built. It might be thought that this does, after all, involve the condemnation of the vessel; but such an opinion will not be held by those who are conversant with the history of naval architecture. A perfect ship has never yet been built. Some error has always revealed itself or been discovered in the most carefully planned and successful vessels. When all the conditions which have to be satisfied in that enormously complex structure, a modern man-of-war, are considered, it will be seen how infinitely remote is the chance of avoiding all error. The question to be fairly asked is whether wise forethought has been exercised, and whether in the main, the constructor has been successful. To this question the Committee on the *Inflexible* reply emphatically in the affirmative, and few who study their Report will be inclined to doubt that they have rightly decided the difficult question submitted to them.

FREEHAND SEWING.

AN exhibition possessing a certain degree of national interest was held last week in the Western Gallery of the Kensington Museum. It was of needlework done by the children attending some of the elementary schools in London. The prizes were given by a Society lately started for the purpose of stimulating a useful art which is dying out from amongst us. It was pleasant to see so many kindly sensible women willing to spend thought, time, and money on a project calculated to encourage thrift and intelligence amongst the working classes, not to pauperize them. The long tables on which the work was arranged were covered with useful garments of all kinds; aprons and pinafores, flannel petticoats and stockings, woollen mitts and babies' frocks. Bundles of clothing suitable for giving to the poor could be bought at little more than the mere cost of the calico; for many schools find it difficult to keep up their stock of material for cutting out, and are glad to sell completed work in order to replace what has been made up into garments. Pleasant-faced little girls who had got prizes roved about amongst the tables, comparing their efforts with those of children of their own age, or examining some new pattern which took their fancy. One could not help feeling sorry for one schoolmistress—her grief was so evident when she found that none of her pupils had received either prizes or commendation. We hope she saw that the work sent up had every possible fault, and that, if the Committee erred at all, it was undoubtedly on the side of leniency. They no doubt feel that encouragement is very desirable, and may perhaps sometimes think it well rather to give a reward to what does not quite deserve it than to allow an offered prize to remain unbestowed. We were disappointed to see no competition in the class for darned stockings, only two wretched specimens being entered. Pupil-teachers, assistant-mistresses, and head-mistresses can obtain prizes for economical cutting-out, useful designs, and general efficiency of the school in the sewing and knitting department. So far as we can judge, the rules framed by the Society are likely to work well, particularly as they are based on the standard enforced in Board Schools. The Secretary, with great kindness and good humour

led the newspaper critics about, and coached them most successfully as to the difference between footing and grafting stockings, the various kinds of darning, and the true principles on which to pass judgment upon a button-hole. There was one sight with which we were extremely pleased, and that was half-a-dozen beautifully-made holland pinafores, the work of little boys. This is an innovation in a right direction. With different feelings we looked at a chemise made by a child under four years of age. The sewing was too fine—likely to injure such young eyes, or indeed older ones, in a London school-room on a foggy day.

The new Education Code having made needlework one of the subjects on which money can be earned, the attention of both teachers and Inspectors has naturally been aroused to a question hitherto little considered. Great diversity of opinion at present exists amongst the authorities upon details connected with the carrying out of the scheme. Members of School Boards may be heard expressing diametrically opposite opinions, and a good deal of party feeling has got mixed up with threads and needles. On one side we hear that the new Code, as arranged by Mrs. Floyer, must be forced on the mistresses at any cost; on the other, it is spoken of as a monstrous infliction alike on teachers and children. We have no intention of here entering into the technical questions involved in the controversy, or of intruding into the mysteries of feather-stitch or whipping; but the subject of needlework in Board Schools is a matter of some importance to people interested in education. It has now become involved with the general principles of national training. The question is not one altogether of hemming and tucking, but includes the larger problem of how far State schools, supported by taxation, are to be encouraged to carry technical education. A limit must be put somewhere, otherwise we shall always be at the mercy of any enthusiasm of influence who interests himself in the rudimentary training of the working classes. At present the danger is that too many subjects will be forced upon the already overworked mistresses, and that the essential groundwork of education will not be laid with stability and care. Showy results from pet pupils will be aimed at, and those from whom not much can be hoped will be neglected. This is likely to be the case with needlework if too much is attempted and the rudiments are not properly taught. There is no more need that pupil-teachers should be forced to be accomplished seamstresses than that they should be required to learn mathematics because they will have to teach arithmetic. But they ought to understand the elements thoroughly—what we may call, for want of a better term, freehand sewing.

Now what is the object of teaching sewing at all? What is likely to be required of a girl when she leaves school at the age of twelve or thirteen? She will most probably either enter domestic service, be apprenticed to a trade, go into a factory, or remain at home to help in the family household. In the first case, she will in a large proportion of instances be expected to look after children, to darn their socks, sew strings on their pinafores, hooks and eyes on their frocks, and buttons on their boots—in short, to keep their clothes and her own in proper repair. If apprenticed to a dressmaker, milliner, machinist, bootmaker, or bookbinder, she will be required to learn, one by one, the different branches of her trade in a more or less mechanical manner. If she becomes a factory hand, she will not, after the work of the day, have leisure for much more than the proverbial stitch in time which will keep her tidy and respectable. If she remains at home to help her mother in the care of the younger children, or to act as the head of a motherless household, darning and patching will fully occupy her little fingers. It will thus, we think, appear that the most important and useful branch of sewing to the working classes is mending. Unluckily, it is exactly here that the weakness of the present system approved by the School Board shows itself.

After food and rent, the most considerable item in the expenses of a poor home is the workman's clothes. It requires weeks of saving to buy the commonest fustian suit. When an accident happens to it, or wear and tear begin to show, it is a matter of considerable importance that it should be skilfully mended. We venture to assert that no teaching at present given in our National Schools would enable a girl even in the highest standard to mend the elbow of her father's coat or the knee of his trousers in a durable and intelligent manner. Yet these girls are to be the wives of our labourers and artisans and the mothers of the next generation. The whole strength of the present machinery seems to be brought to bear upon producing garments in which the stitches are so small that they cannot be seen, and in teaching ornamental work of no real utility. The principle is the same here as in our modern furniture and architecture; the first object is as much as possible to hide the construction; the second to put ornament where it does not mean anything. Those who frame the rules for our State schools ought never to lose sight of two things—first, that machinery, as it becomes more delicate, less expensive, and more generally employed, will lessen the quantity of plain work done by hand; and secondly, that the tendency at present is towards division of labour, so that the fine samples of baby linen now produced with no little pride by the pupil-teachers will soon as much belong to a special trade as does straw-plaiting or glove-sewing. We are in no way bound to give the children in our elementary schools a trade, or anything but elementary training. We do not teach them shorthand because they are learning to write, nor house-painting because they are beginning to draw curves, nor bookkeeping because they can do addition.

We next come to the important question whether even the

elementary training of these children is of a satisfactory kind, and this we fear must be answered in the negative. A great deal of nonsense has lately been talked about the impossibility of Inspectors being proper judges of needlework. It was not difficult to be witty at their expense; and many ridiculous stories were told of first-class men who, though they could easily have analysed the structure of a Greek play or calculated the elements of an asteroid, were yet helpless and bewildered when brought face to face and asked their opinion upon the *layette* of a year-old baby. The universal test which one Inspector had, of giving every seam a severe tug and passing it as good needlework if it bore the process, was no doubt a very rough and ready way of getting out of a difficulty. It is, however, by no means clear that the ridicule which has been cast on the men who are called upon to judge of the work might not much more appropriately have been bestowed upon the mistresses who teach sewing in a slipshod and unsystematic manner which would not be tolerated in any other department. There is not the slightest reason, so far as we can see, why an intelligent man should not be quite as capable of giving a sound opinion upon a piece of hemming as upon a row of pothooks, provided always that elementary sewing was taught, as it ought to be, in the same fixed methodical manner as writing. The higher branches could be judged by a central committee, or by a branch of the Science and Art Department analogous to that which takes charge of the drawing. Some notion has taken possession of people's minds that there is a mysterious incomprehensibility about needlework of which the secrets are only revealed to women. They forget that in many countries the sewing is principally done by the men, and that with us the best-cut and best-made garments are not from the hands of women.

It would surely be well, now that needlework is to take its place permanently beside the three R's, and to be paid for at the same rate, that some one should draw out a scheme with uniform rules and tests common to all the schools. It is easy to see that at present only a small percentage of the mistresses themselves know the first principles which they are called upon to teach to their pupils. This can be proved by looking at the hemming shown at exhibitions. It is almost universally done with the needle sloping the wrong way, and, if it were executed in the coarse material and with the large needles suitable to little children, the horrible effect would easily be seen. Nothing could be a greater assistance in the teaching of needlework than to supply schools with large diagrams to be hung up during the lesson. On these sheets should be clear representations of how each particular seam should look when done, and of the position the hands ought to assume at different periods. Below could be printed a list of the points to be aimed at and the faults to be avoided. If each mistress could be provided with a magnifying-glass she might show in a way better than by any number of scoldings where the child had gone wrong. What we want in our elementary schools is to search until we discover a clear practical starting-point for each thing taught, so that scholars and teachers may see clearly what is being aimed at. Sewing is just the same as writing or drawing—a foundation must be laid of pothooks, straight lines, and curves. It will never be properly taught until this is understood. Rapidity also is not to be forgotten; and we would suggest that at future exhibitions, if possible, the time taken in doing each piece of work should be noted. It is an almost universal complaint with ladies who get girls from village schools to train as servants that they take as long to hem a duster as a pocket-handkerchief, and have not the slightest idea of how to do a common coarse job with rapidity, neatness, and strength. What we want to encourage is not the sort of work which can be better done by a machine, nor the ornamental stitches which are of no use in a poor man's house, but that intelligence and quickness of eye and finger, that freehand sewing, which will enable a girl to be useful, no matter what her position in life may be, whether servant, mother, or factory girl.

JACKSON v. THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY COMPANY.

THERE can be few positions in life more exasperating than that of a litigant who, having passed the ordeal of a *Nisi Prius* trial, the Court in Banc and the Court of Appeal, with uniform success, is haled by his adversary before the ultimate tribunal of the House of Lords, and there at one fell swoop loses all the fruits of previous victories, and has moreover to pay for them as if they had been signal defeats, and as if he had been the pertinacious proloner of the contest—to say nothing of having to defray the by no means inconsiderable expenses of his own eventual discomfiture. If the fortune of war has been varying in the earlier stages of litigation, the finally vanquished combatant has not so much to complain of; he might at some earlier period have accepted his defeat and retired in good order. But where he has hitherto met with not a single check, where his own and his counsel's opinion of the goodness of his case has been endorsed by all the Judges who have had to deal with it, a suitor would be more than mortal if, in the fear of further fighting, he turned craven and consented to purchase peace on the terms of yielding up to the enemy the whole or a part of that which the tribunals of the land have declared to be his. A legal system which admits of numerous successive appeals may be admirably adapted for thoroughly thrashing out a case and finally settling the law on the subject; but under such a *régime* it is inevitable that occasionally the legal maxim which enunciates that "hard cases

make bad law" should be found to need a corollary to the effect that good law may be obtained at the cost of hard cases. It really does seem somewhat anomalous that a private person should have to pay for the education of our Judges by those above them on the judicial ladder, and yet this is practically the case with the respondent whenever a judgment is reversed on appeal. But "*de minimis non curat lex*," and individual hardship is as nothing when legal perfection is the object aimed at.

The last victim who has been crushed under the wheels of the somewhat slowly-advancing car of Justice is Mr. Jackson, originally the plaintiff in the case of *Jackson v. the Metropolitan Railway Company*, who has just succumbed after four years' litigation. Mr. Jackson, though deeply to be pitied, is still many degrees removed from the extreme case of hardship we have supposed above, since in the Court of Appeal the Judges were equally divided on the point of law raised by him, which might have warned him of possibly impending disaster. But on such division of opinion the judgment of the Court below in his favour stood, and as those of the Judges of the Court of Appeal who were for him based their view on the authority of a late case in the House of Lords, he may very likely have flattered himself that his run of luck would last him to the end, and that the Court of Final Appeal would simply apply their former decision to his own case.

The facts of the case were in themselves simple, and at first sight seem dead in the plaintiff's favour. So long ago as July 18th, 1873, Mr. Jackson took a third-class ticket on the underground Railway from Moorgate Street to Westbourne Park. The carriage into which he got was not full on leaving Moorgate Street, but it gradually filled up, until at King's Cross it had received its full complement of passengers, Mr. Jackson occupying a seat nearest the platform. At Gower Street station there was a rush of people to get into the compartment, when, notwithstanding Mr. Jackson's protest, three more persons obtained admission, and of course had to stand up; and so the train proceeded on its journey. On arriving at Portland Road station the same scene occurred; a crowd of people were waiting for the train, and the door of Mr. Jackson's compartment was opened and shut again, without, however, the introduction of any fresh passengers or the removal of those already in excess of the proper number. Just as the train started the compartment was stormed by a forlorn hope, who strove to gain admission. Mr. Jackson, no longer trusting to remonstrance or protest, took more strenuous measures, and, as the attacking party opened the door, he stood before them in the gap, holding up his hand as the best available method of repelling boarders. At this moment a porter arrived on the scene of action, pushed away the people who were trying to get in, and slammed the door just as the train was entering the tunnel. Unfortunately Mr. Jackson, by reason of the motion of the train, had just been jerked forward, and put his hand on one of the hinges of the door to save himself; and, as will be obvious to any one who knows the energetic way in which the porters on that particular line are in the habit of banging the carriage-doors, the result was a very nasty squeeze inflicted on Mr. Jackson's thumb. Smarting under the injury, he brought his action for negligence, which was tried at the Guildhall before Lord Justice, then Mr. Justice, Brett, when the jury found that the accident was caused by the pressure of the three extra persons who were there by the default of the Company, and awarded the plaintiff damages to the amount of 50*l*. The defendants then went to the Court of Common Pleas, striving to set aside the verdict and enter judgment for themselves, on the ground that there was no evidence of negligence which was proper to have been left to the jury, or to get a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence. The Court, composed of Lord Coleridge, C. J., and Brett and Grove, J. J., upheld the finding of the jury, chiefly on the ground that the evidence disclosed facts on which the jury might reasonably find that the Company had been guilty of negligence occasioning the accident, and relying mainly on the non-removal of the extra persons in the carriage at Portland Road and the presence of an uncontrolled crowd at that station, whose conduct indicated the absence of an efficient staff of porters to preserve order.

The Company then took the case to the Court of Appeal, where it came under the consideration of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Lord Chief Baron, and Lords Justices Bramwell and Amphlett. Each of these learned Judges delivered a separate judgment, the first and last in favour of the plaintiff, the others in favour of the Company. The judgments are remarkable as showing the method of reasoning by which different minds, equally highly trained and constituted, may arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions on the same state of facts; and so plausible are the reasons adduced that, in reading the several judgments, one's mind continually oscillates towards the view last presented. Those members of the Court who decided in favour of the plaintiff did so on very much the same grounds as had the Judges in the Court below; whereas the Lord Chief Baron held that the facts of the case did not show that there were a larger number of persons congregated on the platform at Portland Road than had a right to be there, apparently interpreting the "rush" which was distinctly proved to have taken place to have been on the same scale as the "rush of four people to the gallery door" which occurred on the occasion of Miss Snellicci's benefit; and further holding that the plaintiff contributed to the accident by his own acts and negligence, though this point had been expressly abandoned in the earlier stages of the action. Lord Justice Bramwell delivered an able and characteristic judgment, in which, by that process of dis-

section and apt illustration of which he is a master, he arrived at the conclusion that there was no such omission of precaution consistent with the practical working of the line on the part of the defendants as would render them justly chargeable with negligence; and, moreover, that the negligence, if any, was too remotely connected with the occurrence of the accident to impose any liability on the Company. All the Judges in the Court of Appeal and the Court below referred to a well-known case in the House of Lords called *Bridges v. the North-London Railway Company*, which has always been supposed to have settled that in cases of this nature, if any facts whatever are proved on which a reasonable man might possibly find that the defendants had been guilty of negligence, those facts must be submitted to the jury, whose province it is to decide whether there has been negligence or not, some authorities going so far as to say that, if any evidence at all is offered on the part of the plaintiff, the case must be left to the jury. It is to be observed that in the present case those Judges in the Court of Appeal who were against the plaintiff adopted that position almost entirely on the ground that the case ought to have been withdrawn from the jury for lack of evidence on the part of the plaintiff.

The question thus assumed important proportions as bearing on the relative provinces of the Judge and jury, and so it went to the House of Lords. After argument Lord Cairns delivered a judgment which has taken the legal profession much by surprise, and has, as a learned Judge has since remarked, gone far to unsettle pre-existing notions as to the law relating to matters of such frequent occurrence as railway accidents. The Lord Chancellor began with stating that he could find no evidence from which negligence directly conducing to the accident could reasonably be inferred, since, though he admitted that the overcrowding constituted negligence, he failed to connect that with the actual injury to the plaintiff; and he was also of opinion that the fact of the porters pushing away the persons from the carriage-door negatived the proposition that the staff at the station was insufficient, though, considering the time at and the method in which this was done, the point does not seem to us so very clear. He then proceeded to criticize the remarks of the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Justice Amphlett in the Court below, which, ostensibly founded on *Bridges's* case, were to the effect that on a given state of facts both the question of negligence and the question whether that negligence was the cause of the accident were, broadly speaking, questions for the jury and not for the Judge. That such was the ordinary acceptance of the law as laid down in that case is amply proved by numerous cases; for instance, in *Robson v. the North-Eastern Railway*, Lord Coleridge said, referring to *Bridges's* case, "Though the actual judgment was confined strictly to the facts of the case, yet if we take into consideration the opinions of the Judges which were given on that occasion, and regard the judgment of the Lords as having been given in accordance with those opinions, it will be seen that the general view of the law adopted by their lordships was that, if any evidence at all is given for the plaintiffs, it is for the jury to determine whether there was negligence on the part of the defendants or not." In the same case the late Lord Justice Mellish said:—"Then was there evidence of such a state of circumstances as might have led at all events *some* reasonable men to suppose that the train would go on as soon as the luggage had been taken out? If there was any evidence of that kind, the question was one for the jury." And Lord Justice Brett spoke to the same effect:—"The decision in the House of Lords shows that, if there exist any facts affording reasonable evidence for the jury to consider, the case ought to be left to the jury to decide." Such expressions are to be found scattered broadcast over the reports of the last year or two. But the Lord Chancellor has disturbed this approved state of the law. He states in effect that *Bridges's* case was never intended to bear the interpretation thus put upon it: that it was decided only with reference to its particular facts, and not as confirming or recognizing the opinions of the Judges; and that he never proposed, and now declined, to lay down any rule less general than "that from any given state of facts the Judge must say whether negligence can legitimately be inferred, and the jury whether it ought to be inferred"; apparently also casting on the Judges the duty of deciding whether the negligence, if found by the jury, was intimately enough connected with the accident to make it a cause of action. The other law lords concurred, and a nonsuit against Jackson was ordered. And so we are cast adrift again on the sea of uncertainty, while future railway cases will be a fruitful source of bewilderment to the Judge and of dissatisfaction to the parties and the public. The question will always be cropping up whether the Judges ought to let the case go to the jury or not, and the test by which the Judge has to settle this question for himself seems to be of the vaguest nature. He is to consider whether negligence can legitimately be inferred from the facts proved by the plaintiff; but on analysis of this mental operation it seems to amount to little more than that he is to form his own opinion on the subject. The Judges must be endowed with unlimited breadth of vision and play of fancy if they are to project themselves into the consciousness of an indefinite number of persons answering the description of reasonable men, all of different mental capacities and habits of thought, and then, subjecting the facts alleged to the presumable train of reasoning which they may be considered likely to originate in the mind of each of such persons, work out the conclusion at which each such person may be expected to arrive. Fancy carrying on such a process amid the noise and bustle of a Nisi Prius Court. Moreover, every one is conscious that the imaginary

creatures of his brain invariably bear a strong family resemblance to the author of their being; their ways are as his ways, their thoughts as his thoughts; and it is inevitable that the reasonable persons evolved from the Judge's inner consciousness would be apt to be of the same way of thinking as the Judge.

The real difficulty probably arises from the fact that negligence cases are, to a certain extent, matters *sui generis*, and not susceptible of the hard and fast rules applicable to other classes of actions. The majority of causes of action are compounded of certain well-known elements, the absence of any one of which, though possibly a jury might consider it immaterial, the Judge knows to be fatal. Take the instance of a contract within the Statute of Frauds. The jury might see evidence of a definite agreement, and be willing to pass over the absence of any written document; but, if there be no evidence in writing, it is the Judge's duty to withdraw the case from their consideration. But in negligence cases the whole question is one of fact—was there negligence on the part of the defendants? did that negligence cause the accident?—and it is difficult to see what part, according to established notions, the Judge is to take in the settlement of these questions. Given the legal definition of negligence, you have the twelve presumably reasonable men there in the flesh, and they are surely better judges of whether the facts establish negligence, and of the connexion between that negligence and the accident, than the indefinite number of fictitious personages whom the Judge is to put up and then bowl down again. Of course there are cases, like those supposed by Lord Justice Bramwell, of a man sitting on a glass in his pocket or having a fit in a train, which no reasonable man, be he Judge or jurymen, could attribute to the negligence of the Company; but the practical answer to this objection is that such cases never do, and never will, come into Court. The hitherto existing rule had at least the merit of certainty, and of referring to the proper tribunal what is, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, pre-eminently a question of fact. So many of the Judges stand committed to the view taken of the matter prior to the decision in *Jackson and the Metropolitan Railway Company*, that it will be a beautiful instance of submission to superior authority if they, in every future case of this kind which they may have to try, follow the plan laid down by the Chancellor, and undertake the mental process indicated above, with a view to deciding whether or not the case should go to the jury. If it is to be so, the Judge should at least be allowed twenty minutes for abstracted meditation at the close of the plaintiff's case. The real evil of the recent decision is that it lessens the chances of uniformity in the rulings of Judges, and will tend to increase the litigation of cases after the trial by jury; since it is far easier to get up a fight as to whether a case should or should not have been left to the jury than as to whether a verdict was or was not against the weight of evidence. We are very sorry that Mr. Jackson's prolonged struggle should have produced results so unsatisfactory to himself, and also to that legal profession for whose good he has been sacrificed.

BEHAM AT THE BURLINGTON CLUB.

ONE of the inevitable results of a great development of taste in any particular direction is that the first-rate names connected with the subject become after a time as it were exhausted topics, and the world's interest overflows upon the names of the second order, the pupils or contemporaries of the great men. When all has been said of Shakspeare, Marlowe and Peele begin to be passionately studied; when there is no more to be learnt about Raffaele, we take to exploring the inmost recesses of the Florentine school. Latterly the passion for old engravings and etchings has increased so greatly, research has done so much with the lives and works of Dürer and Rembrandt, that there is little more to be known about the men, and probably little to be discovered about their works. Within the last few years we have had, in English, two rather elaborate Lives of Dürer, and it need not be said that Germany has not been behindhand in doing like honour to the great German. Another symptom of this widespread interest, a symptom that is always to be found where interest in an artist co-exists with a great diffusion of wealth, is the vastly increased prices which Dürer's engravings and similar works now command. Thus both antiquarian curiosity and the passion for collecting are obliged to look outside the narrow circle with which they had formerly been content. The "Little Masters," those seven pupils or followers of Dürer whose minute engravings have gained them that name, are now beginning to be almost as much sought after and inquired into as the great master himself. In Germany, Rosenberg's recent work has corrected and supplemented all that older authorities such as Sandrart, "the German Vasari," had told us about the lives of the brothers Beham, the most famous of the seven. Professor Colvin, in a series of papers published in the *Portfolio*, has devoted to them a few valuable pages of criticism and summary. More recently still, a dainty volume, destined soon to be very scarce, has been produced by one of the most noted of English Beham-collectors, Mr. Loftie, under the title of *A Catalogue of the Prints and Etchings of Hans Sebald Beham, painter, of Nuremberg, citizen of Frankfurt, 1500—1550*. This catalogue, which is a model of accuracy as minute as that of the prints it chronicles, comes out opportunely as a guide to the exhibition of the Behams' works now to be seen at the Burlington

Fine Arts Club. This Exhibition, though it will hardly make the sensation which was produced by the show of Rembrandts in the spring, is, so far as it goes, most memorable. Probably nowhere else in the world would it be possible to study the Behams' work so favourably. Not only have an extraordinary number of their prints—nearly four hundred—been collected, but in some cases the numerous "states" of one print give the student an unprecedented opportunity for examining the master's method.

It will be desirable, before we speak especially of this exhibition, to take Professor Colvin for our guide, and dwell for a short time upon the few facts that German research has made out touching the life of the Behams. Hans Sebald, the elder of the two brothers, was born at Nuremberg in 1500, according to the inscription round his own portrait cut by himself. Barthel, or Bartholomew, was two years younger. Their surname, spelt in half-a-dozen different ways (the variant "Peham" is important, as we shall see), is said to point to a Bohemian origin; and it is certain that the brothers in early life showed signs of that restlessness in religion and other things which common language attributes to the countrymen of Huss. Their youth was passed in the troublous times of the Lutheran excitement; Nuremberg was one of the towns most touched by it. The Behams and their friend Georg Pencz, another of the "Little Masters," were accused of sharing the opinions of the too radical reformer Münzer; of not thinking rightly of the sacraments, and perhaps not of the due respect to be paid to authorities; and they were banished as "having shown themselves more godless and heathenish than was ever before heard of any one." It is only fair to say that the record of their examination, which has been preserved, does not seem to support this judicial opinion; but the sentence took effect, and Barthel entered the service of the Bavarian Court, while Hans Sebald, after a year or two of wandering and a few years at home again (his sentence having been apparently rescinded), finally settled at Frankfurt for the last sixteen years of his life. Barthel's existence at Munich seems to have been smooth enough, and the Catholic Duke appears to have found so much employment in portrait-painting for the sceptical artist that he had comparatively little time for engraving. The ninety engraved works from his hand, however, though they seem scanty by the side of his brother's two hundred and eighty on copper and three hundred on wood, are really of extreme beauty and finish. Professor Colvin thinks him the finer artist of the two; and indeed, whether this is so or not, Barthel is so unquestionable an artist that it is to be regretted that so few of his works are included by the Club in their exhibition. Perhaps, however, Sebald's three hundred almost microscopic prints, each one of which is worthy of the most minute examination, are exhibition enough. Prints form, with the exception of the curious "Table-painting," now in the Louvre, and of a few designs executed in carving, the whole of Hans Sebald's known works; and they seem to have occupied him very steadily from 1518, the year of his first dated engraving, to 1550, the supposed year of his death. At Frankfurt, where no troubles like those which he experienced at Nuremberg appear to have vexed him, he worked at Scripture cuts for the booksellers, or adapted Dürer's designs (as in the "Melancholia" and the "Alexander and Bucephalus"), or, after Barthel's death in 1540, copied his prints to satisfy the general demand for them, or worked original plates of his own—biblical sets, like the brilliant series of the Prodigal Son; or classical sets, like the series of Hercules; or allegorical figures—Patience and Fortune and the rest; or, with a true Northern delight in the rude life around him, produced the numberless "village festivals" and other peasant scenes that form so large a part of his works.

The exhibition at the Burlington Club includes numerous woodcuts—especially the very rare set of the Planets, which does not exist in any public collection in England—an almost complete collection of the copperplate engravings, and about half a dozen little books with illustrations or bordered title pages. Following the precedent of the Rembrandt exhibition, which did so much to upset old and unsound notions of Rembrandt's work, the Committee have arranged the earlier prints chronologically, so that it is possible to trace the progress of the artist's style from the "Girl's Head" of 1518 (drawn under Dürer's influence) to the "Vase" of 1531; and from this to the "Impossible" and the "Triumphal Procession" of 1549. Such an arrangement brings out the curious fact, well known to collectors, that before 1531 Beham signed himself "H. S. P.," while afterwards the signature becomes "H. S. B." As Professor Colvin remarks, the Germans whom one meets in the modern French novel are not the only ones who are uncertain about their P's and B's. With such a great number before one it is possible, too, to trace curious points in the artist's mind; to note that such or such an idea, or such or such a situation, became a favourite with him, and that he loved to reproduce it; to detect the ways in which Italy influenced him; and even, with many states of the same plate before our eyes, to see the steps by which he worked to what he thought perfection, erasing a signature here, deepening a shadow there, adorning a rock with a tuft of grass, or filling a sky with clouds, till the plate became complete in the artist's view and ruined in the collector's. Here, for instance, we may trace a favourite form of composition, seen in two of the figures in the fine print of the "Prodigal Feasting," through the original etching (Bartsch 148) of a "Lady with a Jester," to its completion in the well-known "Lady with Death disguised as a Jester"—a grim and characteristic example, full of the spirit which inspired the early

Todten-tänzer. Here, too—a point strictly for connoisseurs—we may notice that the catalogues are wrong in only speaking of two states of this rare print. There are three, and the example shown by Mr. W. B. Scott is earlier than any mentioned in Bartsch. Another point, still more minute and still more curious from the point of view of the connoisseur, may be learnt from one of the series of the Prodigal Son. Here (B. 31) we have an instance, in the unique proof before the author's monogram, that he did not always work to the edge of the plate, while in a later state of the same print the whole plate is filled up. The exhibition, too, gives us evidence that Beham's designs were copied by contemporary workmen in other kinds of art. The Club shows a beautiful ivory carving from the design of "The Rape of Helen"; and, what is still more curious, Mr. Stopford Brooke exhibits a necklace consisting of a number of medallion portraits evidently designed by Beham or by his pupils. The staple of the exhibition, however, and what will attract the most real attention, is the number, variety, and fine condition of the engravings themselves. Much notice, for instance, will be attracted by the three sets of the Twelve Apostles in different states, and the many woodcuts, so much rarer than the copper plates. The Club has also secured three perfect sets of the "Hercules" series—one of the most individual, the most thoroughly Northern, of all Beham's works. But none of those exhibited here can compare with the set contained in that hidden store of precious things, the Douce collection in the University Galleries at Oxford.

The world in general is beginning to find out the value of these "Little Masters," as of all things beautiful and rare. It is always being said that the price of rarities has risen and is rising; but of nothing has the price risen more rapidly than of these truly national German treasures since the millions were paid over. Ten years ago you might buy rare Behams—in fact, few persons knew which were rare and which were not—for the same number of shillings as they now cost pounds. There is a reason for it, however, and a more intelligible one than that which sends up old Sévres and Bartolozzi's smirking beauties. Beham has most of Dürer's excellences in engraving, and he has others quite his own. With the same skill in guiding the graver's tool—nay, with a skill that is almost more marvellous because its field is more minute—he combines both an Italian sense of beauty and a Teniers-like sympathy with the life of people round about him. He is a master of ornament; his vases, his scrolls, his coats of arms, are the true product of the Renaissance, of that joy in waving line and interlacing curves which the Florentine goldsmiths had first expressed on metal. His Eve has the grace of Marc Antonio's women, his Dido is suggested by Marc Antonio's Venus, so that tradition talks of Italian visits and studies, and even affirms that Barthel died in Italy. But no one would seriously say that this sturdy German, whose stout bearded figure in cloak and flat cap has been preserved for us in the print of his contemporary Jacob Binch, is an imitator of anything Italian. He knows what beauty is; but *magis amica veritas*. His true strength lies in those representations of real men and women, peasants and soldiers, revellers and prodigals, where, on a plate two fingers broad, he brings out character, incident, detail, with unrivalled strength and accuracy. A hundred years before Teniers and Ostade, he penetrated as deeply as they did into the life of the people, and represented in a way as marvellous as theirs the rude existence of the country, with its hard toil and coarse pleasures—the man pulling at a tree, the couples dancing homewards from the fair. Thus even as an engraver he fails to hold the first place; his prints will never have the charm of Botticelli's, the splendid dignity of Mantegna's; Northern art is not Southern, in a word; and Nuremberg is not Florence or Mantua. But among those who, with perfect mastery of a difficult instrument, have represented life as it is, Hans Sebald Beham deserves a place among the highest.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

FEW among the relics of the ancient drama are more interesting than the piece which has just been represented, according to the annual custom, by the scholars of Westminster. The *Adelphi* of Terence is in many respects worthy of attention. It was first produced upon a great occasion. Greek art in the first half of the second century B.C. was winning its way in barbarian Rome, under the patronage, and in some cases, as we learn from the prologue to this very play, with the co-operation of an aristocratic and literary circle, of which the Scipios and their connexions were the centre. It was at the exhibitions given to the public upon the funeral of Paullus, the conqueror of Macedonia, the brother-in-law of the elder Scipio and the father of the younger, that his son introduced to the Romans this new adaptation from the Greek by their young Carthaginian friend and dependent; perhaps his best work, and, as it proved, his last. The productions of the six previous years had established him in an envied pre-eminence; in the next, dissatisfied probably with his art, he went to travel in Greece, and did not return, tradition connecting his fate with the loss, as in the case of our own Spenser, of some MSS. at sea.

That "The Brothers" is not unworthy of its origin is proved by its wide influence upon subsequent literature. No device has been more valuable to the stage than the grouping of different or opposite characters so as to serve as foils to one another. It

has become a commonplace of the art. Shakspere has, among many examples, his Katherine and Bianca, Antonio and Gratiano, Othello and Iago. Goldsmith relieves the melancholy of Croaker by the gaiety of his wife. Molière, the aptest pupil of the ancients, rarely misses this means of effect. It is seen in *Le Tartuffe*, in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in *Les Femmes Savantes*. Of all such groups Terence, or rather his master Menander, may be said to have given the archetype in the brothers Demea and Micio. Nor have more precise imitations been wanting. Passing over translations and the less celebrated copies, we have a close parallel in Molière's *École des Maris*. Aristote reproves in Sganarelle

Cette farouche humeur dont la sévérité
Fuit toutes les douceurs de la société.

So Micio complains of Demea,

Ruri agere vitam; semper parce et duriter
Se habere;

and congratulates himself upon his "clemens vita urbana." Demea tries to form his son, and Sganarelle his ward and *fiancée*, each after his own pattern by unbending severity. Each is confident of success, and most complacent when most deceived. "Domi habuit unde disceret," says Demea, while Ctesipho is intriguing almost under his eyes. "Je vois que mes leçons ont germé dans ton âme," says Sganarelle, as he carries Isabelle's ambiguous letter to the expectant lover. This conception, indeed, of the parent or preceptor made the dupe of appearances by his exaggerated self-esteem, has been extremely fruitful, numbering among its offshoots examples as wide apart as Lear on the one hand and Sir Peter Teazle on the other; and, if we may judge from M. Bénédict, Sir Harcourt Courty, and other modern instances, it is not yet exhausted.

As a companion picture, we have in Micio and in Aristote the advocate of the rule of kindness, whose maxim is, as the Latin expresses it, "Ille quem beneficio adjungas ex animo facit officium"; or, as the French, "Je trouve que le cœur est ce qu'il faut gagner." The moral of the *Adelphi* in this aspect is happily rendered by Ben Jonson, also an imitator:—

Force works on servile natures, not the free;
He that's compelled to Goodness may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit, where others drawn
By softness and example get a habit.

It is obvious, however, and did not escape the contemporary and friend of Epicurus, that softness is not the whole duty of the teacher to the disciple. The very notion of discipline presupposes the bad as well as the good in the natural will. Now the Athenians were much interested in education, which fills, for example, a large space in the philosophy of Plato. Menander, as it seems, if he is responsible for the fifth act of Terence, endeavoured at the close of his play to balance the one-sided view suggested by the first four. It is not the business of dramatic art to solve a moral problem, but it may be invested with a personal interest and illustrated with a variety of incidents. So much the poet attempts, with what success we may help to show by a sketch of his plot.

We must not, however, altogether omit the prologue, which is characteristic. That a Roman playwright borrowed from the Greek was a matter of course; but Terence was in the habit of laying different originals under contribution for the same piece, performing, as some critics complained, this process of "contamination" so badly as to spoil his materials. Now though opinion may differ as to the limits within which loose construction is pardonable, few writers would congratulate themselves, like Puff, that their underplot would not only make a comedy of itself, but "keeps itself quite clear, you see, of the other." Terence, conscious perhaps that the present play exhibited an instance of not very successful joining, makes his confession beforehand with singular simplicity and minuteness. Plautus, in translating the *One in Death* of Diphilus, had omitted a scene. This scene is taken literally, as we are assured, but with doubtful success, into the *Adelphi*. The author states the facts, and deprecates the accusation of having stolen what his predecessor deliberately refused to appropriate.

The play opens with a soliloquy from Micio, an old bachelor in easy circumstances. It is late, and he is growing uneasy at the absence of Æschinus, his adopted son, the eldest born of his brother Demea. He rallies himself upon his inconvenient affection for one who, after all, is not his own flesh and blood, but contrasts himself as an educator very favourably with Demea. Indulgence and sympathy are repaid by affection and frankness; upon this principle he has persisted, against all remonstrances, in supplying young Æschinus liberally with the means of enjoyment. Presently he sees Demea approaching, and justly anticipates a lecture. Indeed it appears that Æschinus has just given fresh offence. To possess himself of a girl with whom he is in love he has actually broken into a house. This feat the uncle calmly defends to the horrified father smarting from his neighbours' reproaches, and assures him that they themselves were distinguished by poverty, and not by prudence, from the younger generation. Demea, thanking Heaven that his younger boy has received better lessons under his own eye, departs, and Micio goes to look for the prodigal.

Next, by a slight anachronism, we are shown Æschinus himself returning with the girl, and followed by her outraged owner, who meets with the common fate of his class on the ancient stage, being first assaulted, then violently urged to sell his property at cost price, and, when he demurs, threatened with a frivolous

action as to his title. To complete his discomfiture, Æschinus sends out his clever slave Syrus, who is adroitly bringing him to compliance, when he is interrupted by the arrival of Ctesipho, the specimen of Demea's teaching and the ideal of his admiration. The audience then make the amusing discovery that not Æschinus after all, but Ctesipho, is the true lover, the elder brother having offered his services to the younger only to blind their father. The claims of the owner, Sannio, being deferred, the conspirators prepare for a banquet. Meanwhile the ostensible share of Æschinus in the exploit is reported by Geta, a slave, to his mistress Sostrata, a poor widow, whose daughter Pamphila Æschinus has bound himself by the strongest pledges to marry. They determine to expose his perfidy to his relative, Hegio. Demea, returning to make further inquiries, is met by Syrus with purchases from the market, and there follows a scene of much humour. Demea declares against the ways of his brother's house, while Syrus echoes him with mock sympathy, and directs through the door the preparations for the feast:—

*De. Hæcin' flagitia? Sy. Mihi quidem hæc placent,
Et clamo sæpe. Salsamenta hæc, Stephanio,
Fac mæcerentur pulchre.*

Presently Syrus, who knows his man, begins the praises of Ctesipho; and the delighted parent is much edified to hear how his favourite, after severely rebuking his profligate brother, went off in indignation to work at the farm. But his joy is cut short by the entrance of Hegio, who has just learnt the story of Pamphila, and presses upon him, not without dignity and pathos, his responsibility and the necessity of compelling Æschinus to his duty. He breaks away in a fury—"Ibo ac requiram fratrem ut in eum hæc evomam." Scarcely, however, has Syrus assured Ctesipho that he is safe, when Demea reappears, having by an accident partially detected Syrus's lie; but the slave regains his confidence by the old trick, pretending to be sore and sulky from a drubbing inflicted on him by the virtuous Ctesipho for his part in the recent capture, and, having got rid of him, bethinks himself of dinner.

An explanation having meanwhile taken place between Micio and Hegio, it is agreed that, as a mark of respect to Sostrata, Micio himself shall clear Æschinus. The expression is graceful:—

*Omnes quibus res sunt minus secunde magis sunt nescio quo modo
Suspiciosi: ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis;
Propter suam impotentiam se semper credunt ludier.*

Victor Hugo has condensed it into a proverb—"L'ignominie a soif de la considération." But these revelations do not come soon enough to save Æschinus from reproaches. Divided between the desire to justify himself and the fear of betraying his brother, he determines to make a clean breast of the whole matter. At Sostrata's door, however, he is met by his uncle, who teases him with a story that Pamphila is about to go abroad with a kinsman having a legal claim upon her hand, but, when the young man breaks down and bursts into tears, relents, and, after a short scolding, bids him prepare to bring his wife home. As he leaves the stage in an ecstasy, his father enters; in the dialogue which ensues, the contrast between the brothers is very effective—Demea all storm and reproaches, Micio easy and apologetic; finally, Micio goes to make ready for the marriage, while Demea, with lifted hands, like the old steward in Hogarth, exclaims:—

*ipsa si cupiat Salus
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.*

But his sorrows are by no means at an end. Syrus, whose head is none the better for his wine, here comes stumbling out, and meets his sneers with unmasked insolence. Unluckily Ctesipho, missing his boon companion, sends another slave to fetch him in. Demea catches the name, dashes aside Syrus, who makes a clumsy attempt to keep up the deception, and runs into the house, "an awkward customer," as Syrus observes, "to look in after dinner—particularly upon Ctesipho." In another instant Demea bursts in an agony out of doors, meeting his brother as he leaves the neighbouring house. Not without some justice, he demands that, having handed over one son to Micio, he may at least not be crossed in his plans for the other. Micio meets him at first with banter and commonplace—"communia amicorum inter se omnia"—but soon returns to his cool persuasiveness. Is it a question of money?—The young men's extravagance shall be at his charge. Or of morals?—After all, they are gentlemen, and good fellows at the bottom; business habits will come later on; and so forth. Demea is fairly beaten, and gloomily accepts an invitation to finish the day in town, his fatally placable antagonist not even allowing him the last word.

In the last act we have a sudden and surprising moral catastrophe, which has been the subject of much criticism, and certainly strains belief severely. Recent events have made an impression upon Demea, and taught him the advantages of a compliant temper. He resolves on a complete change, and the detested Syrus appearing at the moment, begins practising his courtesy at once. "My dear Syrus! How are you? How do you do?" He is delighted with his success, and makes still better progress with honest Geta, who comes across with a message. Geta is followed by Æschinus, bored by the slowness of the marriage preparations, and not over well pleased at seeing his father. But Demea's new amiability runs before his son's desires—"Why all this fuss? Why not pull down your uncle's garden wall, and bring wife, mother-in-law, and all in by the back way?" Micio is astonished, but has lost the trick of refusing. Demea sees his opportunity—"Why not have two marriages at once? Sostrata will make Micio an excellent wife." Even to this the old bachelor of

sixty-five, after a stout resistance, consents, and is rewarded with a *bene facis* from the beloved Æschinus. But his brother has not done with him yet. Hegio is poor and would like a farm; Syrus his liberty, and a little capital to start with. The spellbound uncle has but one answer—"quandoquidem hic volt, dabitur." This is certainly caricature, but the exaggeration is somewhat redeemed by the conclusion. Demea explains himself and reads Micio a lecture on his indiscriminate facility; Æschinus makes his submission and intercedes for Ctesipho, and so the play ends happily for all parties.

The acting on this occasion was very well sustained. The Westminster tradition, by excluding the use of "supers," stage-properties, and changes of costume, makes it necessary to explain clearly to the ear what might much more easily be conveyed to the eye. The strangeness of the language also demands an unusually slow delivery. Nevertheless there was no lack of movement, and the declamation was spirited throughout; so equal indeed were the actors that it is difficult to select any for special mention. Mr. T. F. F. Williams took with success the long and difficult part of Demea, and was particularly good in the last act. Mr. E. A. Bulkley seemed to understand the character of Micio, and Mr. H. P. Robinson certainly entered fully into the humour of Syrus. Sostrata, though not very prominent, has one pathetic speech. Mr. C. W. R. Tepper here made a decided hit, and was deservedly applauded. The special Prologue and Epilogue were of the usual type. In the first, the chief point of general interest was the recent discussion on the removal of the School from its historical site. The poet, as may be supposed, indignantly declined to consider the question. Several lines from the *Adelphi* itself were ingeniously worked in, and much invective aimed at the critics of the present institution:—

Quæ neque sunt, neque futura sunt, illi sciunt.

The Epilogue was elaborate, but perhaps a little frigid, the subject being the Universities' commissions and their dealings with the "socii segnes," and the "aurea sæcla professorum." Here, however, the costumes came to the rescue, and the Proctor's "canis Molossus," the Proctor himself, the Garter King-at-Arms, and other miscellaneous personages excited a laugh upon each appearance. On the whole, the School may certainly be congratulated upon the exhibition.

REVIEWS.

GARDINER'S PERSONAL GOVERNMENT OF CHARLES I.*

AS Mr. Gardiner's History proceeds from stage to stage, it more and more establishes its claim to be regarded as one of the most noteworthy productions of recent English historical literature. Works of this kind, in which the results of the author's own research, as well as of that of his predecessors, are presented in a form at once lucid and attractive, but free from the tawdry trappings in which the half-trained historian loves to deck himself, are not so frequent as to allow of their appearance being passed by without a word of cordial congratulation. In his new volumes, though he never lays aside the calm and sober manner to which he has accustomed us, Mr. Gardiner seems more frequently impelled than was his wont to give ample expression to the reflections inspired by the progress of his theme, and to dwell, above all, on that defect in its most prominent characters which is the most fatal of failings in kings and statesmen—want of sympathy with the moral life of the people. The gravity of tone which is so marked a characteristic of the age with which he has to deal communicates itself not unfrequently to the historian's comments, and dignifies some of the most striking passages of his work. Now and then, as in the sketch of the character of Olivares, he permits himself what appears to us a rather far-fetched turn of phrase or illustration; but in general these volumes derive a peculiar grace from the evidence they furnish of the degree in which their author has imbued himself with the influence of our noblest literature. It is of more direct importance that his method of narrative is gradually developing a breadth and variety beyond the reach of less widely instructed writers. In the preface to these volumes Mr. Gardiner, after paying an ungrudging tribute to those labours (still unaccountably neglected in this country) of the great German historian which have aided his own, without in any sense rendering them superfluous, refers to the confusion "caused by the habit which prevails where it would least be expected, of classifying events rather according to their nature than according to their chronological order, so that the true sequence of the history is lost." We are left in some degree of uncertainty whether Ranke himself is glanced at in this reproach, to which his manner of arranging his Histories seems to some extent to lay him open; and in any case we have no desire to take this opportunity of entering into the difficult question as to the most preferable method of historical narration. But it is obvious that no historian can bind himself down to any particular method to the total exclusion of all others. Even Mr. Gardiner is obliged to insert at fitting points retrospective summaries of

* *The Personal Government of Charles I.: a History of England from the Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham to the Declaration of the Judges on Ship-money, 1628-1637.* By S. R. Gardiner. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

Scottish, Irish, and colonial transactions; and some "fragments" which we are glad to see he promises, illustrating "the progress of the nation in wealth and prosperity and in the improvement of the social machinery," are to "find a more appropriate place in a future volume." But he has certainly been able to carry out with remarkable success, and without in any degree falling into the ways, at once perplexing and tedious, of mere annalism, his plan of exhibiting by as nearly parallel a treatment as possible the influence mutually exercised upon one another by the foreign and the domestic policy of King Charles's Government.

Mr. Gardiner has at the same time prevented that misapprehension as to the history of public opinion to which the view of a period of transition is ordinarily exposed, by directing special attention to the slow and gradual growth of the national discontent with the administration of affairs. It would be a very fallacious notion that the personal government of Charles I. during these years, big as they were with the germs of resistance and revolution, was carried on from the first under the eyes of a suspicious and discontented nation. Again and again Mr. Gardiner pauses in the course of his narrative to remind the reader how "tame and quiet" things appeared at home. Thus (in 1631), "It is only here and there that some solitary person puts forth opinions which, read in the light of subsequent events, are seen to be the precursors of the storm; only here and there that the legal action of the government is put forth to settle controversies which, but for these subsequent events, would not seem to possess any very great importance." It was the same even with those attempts to secure conformity in ecclesiastical practices which first brought the tendencies of the governing powers into conflict with the sentiments of a great part of the people. It seems strange that after the last House of Commons had replied to the King's Declaration on Religion by a resolution such as that of January 1629, and after the still more famous resolutions which, on a memorable day in March, it had insisted on leaving as its legacy to the nation, the pressure exercised in the period preceding Laud's appointment to the Primacy should have carried the incipient rupture no further than it did. "Never," writes Mr. Gardiner of public feeling in the spring of 1633, "did there seem to be a fairer prospect of overcoming the irritation that had prevailed for years before." But Laud thought that the country at large could be reduced to order like his own University. He failed to recognize the force of the popular instincts which read, and no doubt often misread, his proceedings by the light of his supposed intentions; and thus, in course of time, he matured a feeling of bitterness which was imperfectly gauged even by the occasions on which it found more or less open expression. The persecutions with which his system has been charged have doubtless been grossly exaggerated in the imagination of posterity; and it was well worth while for Mr. Gardiner to draw up a list, as complete as it could be made, of all cases of deprivation or suspension of ministers by the High Commission Court during a period of more than two years ensuing upon Laud's accession to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Only two cases of deposition from the ministry occur; in one of these the offence was a gross crime against morality; in the other the sentence was remitted. Four clergymen were suspended and deprived; but two of these were permitted to exercise their ministry in other cures. Eight were suspended only, and of these again one with the same alleviation of the sentence; while another obtained the remission of his sentence. Yet the effects of the system gradually accumulated an extraordinary mass of ill-will, and the logical persistency of Laud in the end made the sentiment which it affronted a political force of tremendous power. So, again, with regard to the financial policy of the Government. The objections taken to the first writ of ship-money were apparently transitory, and were confined to London only; and Mr. Gardiner is even of opinion that "in an enterprise appealing to the national sentiment no excuses would have been made." The King was unable to see, what a foreign Ambassador could perceive, that it was not only the questionable legality of the measure, but more especially its repugnance to usage, that constituted its grave significance. In the partial resistance offered to the second writ, which extended the levy to the whole country, the King's right to make the demand was at first seldom impugned; but as the absence of immediate danger from abroad became manifest, the nation more and more readily interpreted the measure as an arbitrary assumption of the functions of Parliament; and the third writ was at once opposed with a full appreciation of its constitutional bearing. Thus, both in Church and State, it was not so much any particular act of the Government as the blindness to the growth of public opinion which its whole course of policy exhibited that caused this opinion to become a force as fatal to the Stuart monarchy as it had been propitious to that of the Tudors.

The crisis in domestic affairs which the close of Mr. Gardiner's second volume approaches coincided with no definite collapse of the foreign policy of Charles I., which continued for some time further to oscillate between its accustomed poles. It is, indeed, not easy even for the reader who has learnt patience from the study of the diplomacy of James I., and who has watched the waxen wings of Buckingham's ambition renew themselves for calamity upon calamity, to sustain his interest in the feeble efforts of what may be called the foreign policy of Charles I. himself. For while domestic affairs in both Church and State fell more and more under the control of agents devoid neither of capacity nor of resolution, Charles's foreign policy after Buckingham's death was in conduct as well as in conception essentially the King's own. Its object was, as Mr. Gardiner says, "merely dynastic," and this in a

far more limited sense than that in which the same description has frequently been applied to the policy of Habsburgs or Bourbons. His one set purpose was to right the wrongs of his kin, and to recover the Palatinate for his sister's family. In the pursuit of this end he derived little aid from the politicians on whom he bestowed his confidence, but to whom the object he had in view was one of small value. The passive caution of Weston preferred to act as a clog upon operations which it could not always prevent; and in Cottington there was little of definite aim, and what there was lay in the direction of Spain. Windebank seems to have been made Secretary of State because he had no opinions—a supposition which is borne out by the capacity for taking impressions which he exhibited in his curious conversations with Panzani as to the possibilities of reunion with Rome, and confirmed by the view taken by Clarendon of his position in the Committee of State in 1640. The advocates of a strenuous policy of their own were unwelcome to the counsels of Charles. Even the Queen's influence, fitfully exercised according to her capacity, was as yet of little significance, although she was now united in mutual affection with her husband. Roe, after being ill supported as a diplomatic agent, saw his hopes of service at home defeated. Even Elizabeth's faithful agent Nethersole was permanently disgraced for pressing the interests of his mistress with inopportune plainness. For his own confidential diplomacy Charles preferred such an agent as Gerbier, whom Buckingham had patronized, and who took his private instructions from the King himself, in one instance selling the secret of the most daring and delicate intrigue in which Charles engaged during these years. The King was one of those who like to believe what they wish, as Lord Arundel found to his cost when he was despatched to Vienna to carry on the negotiation of the prospects of which John Taylor (who, as Mr. Gardiner suggests, being a Catholic and half a Spaniard by birth, really cared little for the interests of the Palatine House, and was hopeful because he was indifferent) had given so promising an account. Such schemes as these had little interest for men like Laud and Wentworth, except in so far as they threatened to involve the country in the dreaded calamity of a foreign war. Laud, though (in 1635) nominally placed at the head of the Committee of Council for Foreign Affairs, "even if he had had the ability and desire to launch England upon a new course of foreign policy, would never have been permitted to do so. Charles would continue, as, in the main, he had been before, his own Foreign Minister." Thus in 1637, Laud's attitude towards the critical aspect of foreign affairs, when the King thought that he had at last secured the co-operation of France for the recovery of the Palatinate in return for the promise of a fleet, almost resembles that of an anxious bystander rather than that of a responsible adviser. On the other hand, there is no proof that, previously to this occasion, Wentworth had been consulted by his sovereign on any question of the kind. He now gave the candid and useful advice, appropriately margined by Mr. Gardiner, "to look at home first." Yet the negotiations with France, as a future volume may show, were continued later in this year 1637, to be succeeded in 1638 by a fresh move as of old in the opposite direction.

The impotence of the foreign policy of Charles I. had its source in something besides his natural and well-warranted unwillingness to engage England in a war by land. From such a contingency he always drew back, nor, even had he been willing to summon a Parliament, is it at all certain that, questions of grievances apart, national enthusiasm could at that time have been raised for the cause of the Palatinate. The interests of England could not be identified with those of France, or with those of either branch of the House of Habsburg. The notable scheme of which Gerbier was the medium, to set up the Spanish Netherlands as an independent State under the contingent protection of the English Crown, and thus, as it would seem, to secure to the latter a basis of its own for its operations in Continental politics, came to nothing. Ranke, so far as we know, passes it by; Mr. Gardiner treats it with the contempt which it deserves. This was after the one opportunity had been lost which might have engaged England in the Continental conflict under conditions likely to lead to the recovery of the Palatinate, and at the same time in harmony with the sentiments, if not the interests, of the nation at large. We refer, of course, to the appearance on the scene of war of Gustavus Adolphus, which, but for English reluctance in Buckingham's days to accept the conditions of alliance offered by the Swedish King, might have taken place at a much earlier date. Even now England might have anticipated France and hazarded a Protestant alliance with Sweden and the United Provinces, instead of seeking to effect a perfectly safe understanding with Gustavus while at the same time courting the co-operation of the Cardinal. But this was an opportunity beyond the possibilities of a character like that of Charles I.; and the risk, it must be owned, was one such as England had not run even in the days of Queen Elizabeth. "The great majority of the Privy Council," it appears, spoke strongly in favour of accepting the terms offered by Gustavus Adolphus, which were those of an offensive alliance by land and sea. But Charles, from whose thoughts the idea of summoning a Parliament, for which a desire had begun to manifest itself, was as far as ever, would not bind himself to such a league. He began to haggle for a promise from Gustavus that he would endeavour to recover the Palatinate for the deposed Elector in return for a monthly contribution of money, and as to the continuance even of this no pledge was offered. Richelieu acted with far greater promptitude, speedily securing the Swedish alliance

on terms which enabled him to treat with Bavaria and to guarantee to the latter the possession of the Upper Palatinate. The policy of Charles continued to oscillate, and, while his bargaining with the Swedish King ran parallel with negotiations with France, he was, at the very time of the first great victory of Gustavus—still with a view to the restoration of his brother-in-law—offering succour to the Emperor. The result was inevitable, and gave rise to open comment in England. Mr. Gardiner has illustrated the feeling of the party at Court which was in favour of more energetic action, and which attributed the half-hearted policy of the English Government to the corrupt influence of Weston, by some curious extracts from two of Massinger's plays belonging to these years. The volunteers whom, following the example of his father, Charles had allowed the Marquess of Hamilton to collect in Scotland and in England for service with the Swedes, are unmistakably alluded to in one of these extracts. The numbers of those collected in England were, as Mr. Gardiner says, "more imposing than their quality"; and this remained in substance the extent of the aid given or permitted by Charles to the arms of the Swedish King. While the nation was watching, with the angry sympathy of spectators who would fain be actors, the brilliant career of the Protestant hero, its sudden check and its fatal close, the party which unblushingly identified English interests with the maintenance of peace at any price openly congratulated the King on having succeeded in preserving its blessings to an "obdurate" land; and Mr. Gardiner cites with fitting scorn the frivolous effusion of philistinism in which Carew, "himself a royal cupbearer, commented on the death of the Swedish King." Soon after that event, the unfortunate ex-Elector Palatine passed away, leaving to his children the inheritance of their uncle's impotent schemes; and yet a little later there ended in the Tower the life of the patriot whom King Charles hated with incomparable bitterness, and who had saluted the first great victory of Gustavus as the occasion when, "if at once the whole world be not deluded, fortune and hope are met."

We need not say how the impression of inherent futility which is produced by a glance at any of the diplomatic efforts of Charles I.'s Government is deepened as they are found recorded in their chronological sequence, but at a length very far from excessive, in the pages of Mr. Gardiner's History. It is the foreign policy of Charles of which a survey is necessary to justify the conclusion that his years of personal government made his rule become "every year not more odious, but more contemptible." Thus the question of ship-money is placed under a new aspect when it is remembered what humiliation was brought upon England by the impotent attempt to enforce high-sounding claims by the great ship-money fleet. In Mr. Gardiner's narrative of domestic affairs there are only a few points on which it is possible for us to touch. He has succeeded in making clear the real nature of the difficulty lying at the root of the struggle which awaited England—the hopelessness of the attempt of Charles I. to govern without the support of his people. He has shown how impossible it was for the authority of the Judges, who, personally honest and upright, regarded themselves as the counsellors of the Crown and the defenders of its prerogative, to hold the balance. He has shown how the inability of Laud to recognize the insufficiency of the most vigilant enforcement of uniformity to produce real unity, and the self-reliance with which Wentworth waived aside the necessity of conciliating opposition, were alike fatal to the success of the system of which their energy was the motive force. Neither of these men was an idealist; neither busied himself with notions of the divine right of kings. In serving their prince they thought to serve the State and the nation with disinterested devotion and absolute fearlessness. In Wentworth's first period of administrative activity, during his residence in the North, it was the arrogance of the territorial aristocracy that he, above all things, strove to curb; and "the best side of Laud's character was his grand sense of the equality of men before the law. Nothing angered him so much as the claim of a great man to escape a penalty which would fall on others. Nothing brought him into such disfavour with the great as his refusal to admit that the punishment which had raised no outcry when it was meted out to the weak and helpless should be spared in the case of the powerful and wealthy offender." But, with all their energy and incorruptibility, both these men were less practically wise, as Mr. Gardiner says of one of them, than Eliot himself, who, "if he had no particular medicine to offer for the sickness of the Commonwealth, could lay his hand on the true source of the disease. It had all come, he held, because there had been no sympathy between the King and his people, because the King had not striven to understand their thoughts, or to feel for their misfortunes." It is from this point of view, rather than that of regret or indignation at particular cases of hardship and persecution, that the narrative of Laud's ecclesiastical administration in particular, which Mr. Gardiner has re-told with great fulness and clearness as to its particular issues, acquires its chief significance. The strength which Puritanism gradually gained is, beyond a doubt, largely due to the blindness which, while repressing it as nonconformity, ignored it as a spiritual tendency. Thus its cause became to such minds as Milton's the cause of liberty itself, and its victims the martyrs of a very different faith from that which an intolerant bigot such as Prynne can have been conscious of representing.

With regard to the financial system of these years Mr. Gardiner has rendered excellent service by giving a far fuller and more explicit statement than had hitherto been generally accessible of

the receipts and expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, of the Crown. We cannot here comment on the details of the tables given by him in an appendix, some of which are extremely suggestive in various ways—as, for example, the items of expenditure on statues and pictures, and on masques. It may, however, be worth pointing out that, as Mr. Gardiner says, "the enormous fines which have left such a mark upon the history of this reign were seldom exacted, and became little more than a conventional mode in which the Judges expressed their horror of the offence, except so far as it may have been intended to bring the offender to an early confession of his fault." How important a bearing this circumstance has upon the relations between the penal and the financial aspect of these sentences need not be pointed out. Mr. Gardiner's account of Portland's (Weston's) system of finance shows that that politician did little or nothing to open new sources of revenue. The compositions for knighthood, with which he paid some of the more pressing debts of the Crown, are considered by Mr. Gardiner the least objectionable of the obsolete but technically legal means of raising money open to the King; the forest-claims, on the other hand (for which Portland was not responsible), he regards as "nothing short of monstrous." Even here, however, a moderate payment was afterwards declared sufficient to ensure a pardon for the "encroachments" upon which the claims were based, and the unpopularity in which they involved the Government was not balanced by any adequate pecuniary equivalent. Hallam, who suggests the probability that parts of the enormous forest fines imposed were remitted, refers in a note to the proceedings of Charles I. with regard to Richmond Park. Mr. Gardiner gives a fuller account of this curious episode, which illustrates at once the fearless frankness of Laud, the pliability of Cottington, and the most fatal defect in the character of the King. The brick wall which so visibly defied the rights of the proprietors within its boundary, and which cost several thousands of pounds that could be ill spared, was an instance in small of that weak obstinacy which was destined to prove Charles I.'s ruin. That judgment at which, after many changes of popular feeling, history has arrived on the character of Charles is a just one, is best proved by its reiteration in a work breathing the very spirit of impartiality, nowhere marred by rashness in its conclusions, and never ungenerous even when it condemns.

LIFE OF COLONEL MEADOWS TAYLOR.*

THE editor of these volumes seems to think that some apology may be required for the biography of an Indian officer who never filled any higher post than what really was that of the executive head of a district. It is quite true that the opinions of Colonel Meadows Taylor were never propounded at length in Council, Court, or Cabinet. He founded no permanent civil or criminal code. He was never deputed on any important diplomatic or foreign mission. No scientific or precise settlement of the land revenue of a huge province is associated with his name. He was not quoted as an authority at Simla or Calcutta. And yet these two volumes ought to be read by every Englishman who desires to comprehend the secret of our political ascendancy in India, and they should form part of the library of all modern civilians and of all staff officers who exchange the shako for the pith hat, the red coat for the alpaca of civil employ. There are clergymen whose daily lives and experiences are more worth recording than those of most bishops; and barristers who never rise beyond a Q.C. or a Serjeant may leave behind them memorials more precious than the lives of some Chancellors. The leading facts of Colonel Taylor's life may be condensed into a small space. He was born in Liverpool in 1808. After a rough education he was placed in a merchant's office, where he underwent a good deal of annoyance and had to do the work of a drudge. In order to exchange this hard life for a situation in a so-called mercantile house at Bombay, he was shipped off when about sixteen. The house turned out to be nothing more than a gigantic shop for the sale of all sorts of useful and miscellaneous articles; and young Taylor, who had been deluded with promises of a large salary and eventual partnership, found out that he would be known as "Baxter's shopboy." From this uncongenial situation he was rescued by the kindness of a relative, Mr. Newnham, then Chief Secretary to the Local Government, who procured the young merchant a commission in the Nizam's army, through Sir Charles Metcalfe, our Resident at Hyderabad. Here he soon set to work to show what was in him, studied the languages, was initiated into field sports, speared hogs and shot partridges, made friends with high civil and military officers; and, after trial and experience of one or two disappointments, was placed in charge of a large district in the Nizam's dominions when he was just eighteen. Some four years afterwards he was recalled to his regiment, because a new ruler disliked the introduction of English agency. In 1832 he married. In 1837 he began his career as an author. In 1838 he went to England on leave, selecting the overland route, which was then one of discomfort and even danger, and taking his passage, not in an English steamer, but in an Arab ship bound for Mocha. On his return to India, in 1840, he was put in charge of Shorapore, a small State tributary to the Nizam.

* *The Story of My Life*. By the late Colonel Meadows Taylor, Author of "Confessions of a Thug." Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface by Henry Reeve, C.B., and a Portrait. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1877.

Here he remained for about ten years, when he was transferred to the district of Nuldroog. From this place, in 1857, during the crisis of the Mutiny, he was sent to preserve order in Berar. In 1860 exhausting work and failing health drove him home, and he never again became fit for service in a hot climate. In 1875 he revisited the scene of his early labours for a few months, and in 1876 he quietly passed away. A few years before his death he had been selected by the Queen herself for a Companionship of the Star of India. How these simple materials can be turned into an attractive biography, the interest of which does not flag for two volumes, it may not be very easy for a critic to show. One reason perhaps is the clear, manly, and simple style in which the author tells the story of his life. Another may be found in the intimate familiarity with native manners, the generally sound estimate of native character, and the proofs of a legitimate and kindly ascendancy over alien and subject races, which every page attests. In fact, there are some touches which remind us of the chivalry of Outram, and others which suggest the generosity and benevolence of Henry Lawrence. We shall now pick out a few passages as specimens of what readers are to expect.

For a complete understanding of Colonel Taylor's position and opportunities, a slight acquaintance with the affairs of the Nizam is necessary. That potentate has had for years a separate and compact army of his own, which he pays for in some shape or other, which is disciplined and commanded by British officers, and which is actually subject to the English Articles of War. This force has been repeatedly called out to repress local disturbances, and in like manner recourse has been had to British officers to collect the revenue, to administer justice, and maintain order when the affairs of any particular district have been thoroughly mismanaged or disorganized. The exact principles of English administration in such cases were not perhaps in those days very clearly defined; but recently it has been held by statesmen and jurists that an Englishman in the position of Colonel Taylor wields the delegated power of the native ruler, but wields it in the spirit of equity and fairness characteristic of the British Government. This union of Asiatic power with British equity made Taylor irresistible at Shorapore and Nuldroog. He presented himself as an avatar of justice and benevolence to a population which had for generations vainly dreamt of such qualities. The little State of Shorapore had been thoroughly disorganized by oppressive claims for tribute on the part of the Nizam, by intrigues in the Palace, and by the conduct of the Ranees, a woman of unbridled passions, quick perception, and indomitable energy. The aim of the British Resident was to put aside her adherents, and to establish as Dewan or Regent the brother of the late Raja, a certain Pid Naik, during the minority of the heir. The palace and the town were full of the Ranees' followers and of a tribe of Beydurs, once aborigines, but now admitted within the pale of Hinduism, though with scarcely any pretensions to caste. By tact, earnestness, and incessant talking for four hours, Taylor overcame all resistance, reduced the Beydurs to obedience, and set up Pid Naik as supreme authority. All this he effected, despite prophecies of failure, without drawing a sword or firing a musket. Pid Naik, however, turned out an habitual drunkard, and for a long time Taylor's life was a perpetual struggle against native roguery and incapacity, during which he managed to overhaul the accounts of the tribute due to the Nizam, to settle the land revenue on a sound footing, to increase it without harassing the cultivators, to make roads, to relieve trade from vexatious restrictions, to deal out that rare article even-handed justice, to foster in the native community a taste for athletic sports and rational amusements, and, in short, to gain an influence which, if paralleled in other provinces, has probably not been surpassed, and will under present circumstances scarcely be repeated. No one conversant with the history of native principalities can fail to perceive that Taylor's success would have been more complete had the British Government from the first boldly placed him at the head of affairs, and abolished the farce of a native Regent, who did nothing but get drunk. But it took some time to assert the Englishman's supremacy; and it is scarcely to the credit of the Calcutta Foreign Office that at one time it was in contemplation to remove the man who had brought all this order out of chaos, and to replace him by some one else. Luck, or good advice, or pressure from home, prevented Lord Hardinge from perpetrating such a disgraceful blunder, and Taylor left his post for another and quite as important a one, under a shower of blessings and tears which we can well believe to have been as genuine as they were deserved.

At Nuldroog very much the same scenes were enacted. There were days of hard work in camp and in cutcherry. The papers of village accountants were tested and a five years' settlement was made. A simple and practical code of laws, civil and criminal, was promulgated; and public works were undertaken on no inconsiderable scale. Taylor further set to work to study engineering and surveying, and he completed reservoirs for irrigation begun by Mahomedan Viceroys or Ministers some three hundred years before his time. In fact, he was never idle. For several years he was the Indian Correspondent of the *Times*. He kept up a large and increasing correspondence with friends and relatives, and, with the exception of one severe affliction—the death of his wife—he lived a happy life of incessant work, responsibility, and honour. In the time of the Mutiny, the influence and ascendancy of such a friend to the natives proved invaluable, and, in spite of warning letters and seditious proclamations, order was preserved. Anglo-Indians are well aware how much of our success in Southern India was due to the

tact and firmness of the Minister, and of our Resident, Colonel Davidson, aided by Taylor and others. One sad incident marred the satisfaction which was otherwise felt. Taylor's protégé, the young Raja of Shorapore, intrigued with the Mahrattas and broke out into open rebellion. For this his life was forfeited; but when the sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for four years in a fortress near Madras, like many another misguided prince, he committed suicide by shooting himself. The author faintly hopes that his death was due to accident, but we rather agree with the old Brahman who had foretold an early death when he drew the Raja's horoscope, and think the deed simply one by which a dismal prophecy ensured its own fulfilment. We should add that lovers of the marvellous may ponder over the horoscope drawn for Colonel Taylor himself by an old Pandit, in which this Oriental Guy Mannering correctly foretold his independence, his honourable poverty, and his attainment of high honour as the beloved ruler of a small principality.

It is extremely to Taylor's credit that, with all his keen appreciation of the natives and their worship for him, he does not fall into the error of worshipping them, or giving them credit for virtues which they never possessed. Other men brought into similar contact with Hindus and Mohammedans have been known to write of them as if they were models of social propriety. Taylor condemns dissolute Ranees, drunken Ministers, dishonest shopkeepers, and selfish intriguers in explicit terms. His sympathies are with the villagers and the agriculturists. His judgment on public men and measures seems also to be generally sound. He has a censure for the policy which goaded the Amirs of Scinde into war and cost them their kingdom. Indeed, as the friend of Outram, he could not but be the foe of the Napiers. The eulogy on Lord Dalhousie from a man who never received any favour from the great Pro-consul is singularly just and expressive. He only blames him for not covering his annexation of Oudh with more European troops, and records his opinion that he was "the most practically useful and single-minded ruler that India had ever possessed," while "at no period of Indian history had the administration of India been so admirably conducted." On the other hand, the reading of Lord Ellenborough's "famous proclamation," which, we presume, refers to the Somnath Gates, caused Taylor the deepest humiliation. The natives did not understand its purport, or they thought "the song of triumph," as the Duke called it, a piece of bombast intended to hide the Afghan disasters.

Complaints have been made in one or two quarters that Colonel Taylor could not get furlough to England when he wanted it; that his merits were not duly appreciated; and that, with no ordinary talents and acknowledged merits, he was kept all his life in a subordinate capacity. As regards leave and furlough, all servants of the old Company, civil or military, were subjected for years to the most vexatious rules. They had plenty of liberty to roam about, with large allowances, anywhere to the east of the Cape, but no chance of visiting England with retention of employment. This state of things existed to a period much later than that complained of in the biography. That the author's merits were discerned and his services utilized by every Resident under whom he served, there is ample evidence. They all trusted and made the most of his unrivalled knowledge of the people. It is unfortunate that he was not personally known to such rulers as Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning, and that the claims of the regular services prevented his selection for some higher employment where his administrative talents would have had free scope. But in any case his character and capacities could hardly have stood higher than they do now in the eyes of competent judges. His literary powers of description and delineation of character were very considerable; and the appearance of this biography will probably again create a demand for those novels in which Colonel Taylor showed himself possessed of dramatic skill and a knowledge of Oriental character not often equalled. Few officials could give to pictures of priests and Pandays, of shopkeepers and Nawabs, so clear an outline and a colouring marred by so few blemishes. But his first manner is his best. Nothing can be more true, or more horrible, than the *Confessions of a Thug*, whereas his last novel of *Seeta* borders on the impossible. The union of a high-minded Englishman with the daughter of a native goldsmith might have taken place in the days of Hastings or Cornwallis. It is quite out of date in the year of the Mutiny; and Cyril Brandon had English society to pick from; not to say that such beings as *Seeta* are mere visions, and not realities. Still these and others of the author's works must always take a high rank among novels illustrative of scenery and manners, showing that the author can tread firmly on strange ground where others would stumble and blunder. As political writer, novelist, and ruler of men, Meadows Taylor's career would have shed lustre on any service. Government has so often to appear to the natives in the light of an irresistible deity which crushes opposition, exacts its dues rigorously, disregards exemptions and privileges, and acts on the maxim that in the eyes of the law noble and peasant are equal, that it is some consolation when its motives can be explained and its harsher features softened by the intervention of beneficent agents like this self-made Captain of Nizam's Infantry. We may add that the biography has a sensible preface from the pen of Mr. Henry Reeve, and a concluding chapter by Miss Taylor, who pays an honest and affectionate tribute to the personal qualities of her father. But a few explanatory notes on men and measures would have improved the biography. Let no young competition, while

he lays to heart the advice of the editor as to the proper treatment of Hindoos and Mussulmans, rush to the conclusion that places for the exercise of similar talents are plentiful or easily found. Meadows Taylor was suddenly sent as a ministering angel to a population whose last refuge, as he himself tells us, from unbearable tyranny was a migration into British territory. He was left for years, with a moderate amount of check and control, to do pretty much as he liked. There were no circulars to annoy him, no red-tape to fetter, no pert barristers to worry, no Special Correspondents to point severe criticisms and to pick holes. In the older provinces of all the three Presidencies, a young officer is very likely, at the present day, to find rich natives eager to sue him in a civil action for the least deviation from the letter of the law, or smart young candidates for office far more ready to teach him his duty than to learn their own, and he will hardly be followed to the limits of his district, when he leaves it, with invocations, benedictions, and regrets. But these warnings ought not to hinder him from imitating Taylor's mingled firmness and courtesy. Other men in the Indian services have written or edited readable books. Others, who have never taken pen in hand except to indite an official Report, have civilized great kingdoms; but very few have exhibited the same combination of literary and official talent, and scarcely one, except in the earliest days of the Company, has, from such slender beginnings, made for himself a more enduring and honourable name.

VIOULET-LE-DUC'S MONT BLANC.*

NOT many scientific men of our time could well be thought better fitted by previous study and training to grapple with the great problems of mountain architecture than M. Viollet-le-Duc. As an architect and engineer he has made himself familiar with the mechanical forces involved in upraising and consolidating vast masses of material, and with the laws of their internal structure. From the analysis of these first principles of construction, and the determination of the motive powers upon which rests the science of mechanics, he now passes to the contemplation of the same primary laws and forces working in nature on the grandest scale. In the intervals allowed by his professional labours, he has for eight summers turned his mind to observation of the greatest of European mountains. Struck with the want among his countrymen of that mountaineering mania in which English, German, and American *ascensionnistes* vie with each other, he would fain set himself on the track of adventure and exploration, aided by what has been done by the mountaineers of other lands, as well as by those French *savants* who have contributed their quota of observations to the sciences of geology, geodesy, and meteorology. To scientific explorers and writers of this country he has not failed to do justice. Among the numerous works consulted by him are those of Professors Forbes and Tyndall, whilst for the cartography of the Alpine range he acknowledges his obligations to the excellent maps of the Dauphiné, the Tarentaise, and the Pennines by Messrs. Tuckett, Matthews, Bonney, Nichols, and Adams Reilly. His first aim was the preparation of a complete and systematic delineative map of the region under survey. Of this map we regret that he has not given us a copy, if only on such a reduced scale as might have suited the dimensions of his book, and such as photography would have easily provided—the more so in that he repeatedly tantalizes us by references to this model of cartography. Independently of the aid of earlier surveyors, he began his task by verifying the relative position of the principal summits, taking angles and views from the most commanding points that surround Mont Blanc; next setting to work on the mountain itself, seizing oblique views from suitable stations, such as the Col de Balme, the slope of the Glacier du Tour, those of the Glacier de l'Argentière, the nêves of the Aiguille Verte, the Rachasses, Montanvers, the Grands Mulets, the Grandes Jorasses on the Italian side, the Trient, and others. Penetrating into the central mass of the mountain, he lastly took interior views from the Talèfre, the Tacul, the Grand Plateau, &c., thus securing at least three independent angular measurements of the summit, from which he was enabled, not only to represent the peak in horizontal plane, but to estimate the angle and direction of its *arêtes*, the relative area of its base, and the leading geometrical lines of its crystalline system. Allowance was duly made for the deceptive effects of the solar rays, and for the want of aerial perspective due to the excessive transparency of the atmosphere at great heights. Much use was made of an improvement of his own upon the teleiograph of Révoil, a prism of a camera lucida attached to a telescope enabling him to fix upon a drawing-board exact images of distant objects, with their altitudes, curvatures, and shapes. Precise and enlarged views were thus precipitated on paper, an entire panorama being laid down on a scale of twenty times the size apparent to the eye at a radius of eight or nine miles. The trigonometrical survey thus completed, and the principal peaks, ridges, and salient angles indicated, the work was filled in, not by simple contour lines, which would fail to render the physiognomy of the rocks, their crystalline structure, the faults, moraines, and denuded parts of the glacier beds, but by the more graphical method which, by means of light

and shade, best expresses the soft and graduated configuration of the slopes, the hollows, and recesses of the rocky masses, and the sharp and abrupt aspect of each mountain scarp or peak. A uniform angle of shading was adopted, not that usual in shaded maps of 45° from the N.E., but that thrown by the sun at about 11 A.M. during the summer months. The scale was double that of the French Ordnance Survey, i.e. 0.0025 m. per 1,000 metres, or 1.6 inches to the mile. We sadly miss this map in following our author's steps.

In his views of the primary formation of Mont Blanc M. Viollet-le-Duc follows out and confirms the general system of M. Elie de Beaumont, which has been mostly thought too speculative, if not too imaginative or romantic, for acceptance by the more sober school of English geologists. The Alpine range forms, according to this hypothesis, a series of vast symmetrically disposed crystals, their huge rhomboidal masses having assumed their fundamental angular shapes at the period of the earth's general cooling. The terrestrial crust still retaining a certain degree of pliability or plasticity, the protogine or fundamental granitic substance, upheaved from the interior, protruded through the still soft and flexible deposits of the lias, the jurassic, and neocomian systems which had overlaid it, forming thus a kind of flattened dome, the crown of the conical mountain mass. A series of skilfully drawn diagrams makes the ensuing results abundantly clear. Forced aside and upwards by the up-swelling body of protogine, the sedimentary layers fell back contorted and folded, or slipping one over the other. Great force being thus exerted, fractures would naturally occur, as in a gelatinous semi-plastic material, there being often a decided curvature, oftener faults and wide fissures in the upheaved strata. These crystalline schists formed thus the sides or supports of the mountain mass, disintegrating by degrees into pointed spires or peaks. The protogine itself, in a tough or plastic condition, had not at first the prismatic or even stratified aspect which it presents now, but mammillated forms such as the granites of the Morvan and the Vosges have still. This substance—in its primary superficial aspect compared by our author to immense kidneys—whilst crystallizing by slow cooling, gradually shrank and divided, exhibiting surfaces of contraction following certain angles which determined its prismatic or pyramidal forms. Thus the highest part of the *massif* of Mont Blanc, consisting entirely of protogine, had originally a mammiferous surface, its convexities being divided by planes of junction approximately square or pentagonal in shape. At these points of commensure the disintegrating influence of frost, snow, or rain would commence. Towards the centre of the reniform mass forming the summit a slight crater-like hollow is conceived to have existed, in which snow, ice, or water would also find a place to accumulate and aid in the process of disintegration. At the time of upheaval, however, the great snow masses of the first Ice-age had not begun to fall. It was, according to our author's view, the mild Pleiocene period. The great eruptive mass of Mont Blanc formed an elevated plateau at a mean height of 13,000 feet, and with an area of some 10,000 acres. At present the perpetual snow which deeply covers the summit must hide from view the natural and true configuration of this protogenic mass. It is from observations of the peaks and cols which tower around the central *massif* that the highly pictorial forms making up the mountain group have here been delineated. In these peaks we are taught to recognize the schistose or crystalline masses thrust aside or deeply flexed by the forces which upheaved the intruding protogine. Their angular structure, due not to their sedimentary origin but to their having crystallized under cooling, or having been metamorphosed under pressure, led to their rapid disintegration, the rhomboidal blocks splitting and flaking off as water filtered through the interstices of lamination and expanded under frost. Hence the sharp, jagged peaks which, like the Aiguille du Midi, the Prarion, and the Col de Balme, have lost much of the height which originally made them on a level with the summit, whilst their superior steepness forbids the snow to rest upon their sides, and lays bare to observation their geological structure. By the simultaneous elevation of these combined masses there were left amphitheatrical hollows or valleys, to be filled in process of time with the falling *débris* of the schistose rocks, and the accumulating snows poured down from above in the form of *névé*, and gradually crystallizing into glacier ice. The valley of Chamouni was thus filled with an enormous glacier to the thickness of 3,000 feet before it shrank to its now comparatively modest proportions. Between Sallanches and Cluses the upheaval of the Neocomian and Valengian systems gave rise to a dam whose ridge rose to more than 3,000 feet above the valley of Sallanches, now to a great extent filled up, presenting a second hollow without issue, much more considerable than that of Chamouni. The immense glacier which filled the bed of Lake Lemman followed the course of a vast fault winding between the principal chain of the Bernese Alps, Mont Blanc, the Simplon, St. Gothard, and Monte Rosa. An interglacial period of milder temperature, attested by the presence of lignites and bog turf, with fossils interspersed, greatly affected the volume and outline of these giant glaciers, which, under the second Glacial age, never recovered their pristine range and depth.

The aiguilles, now so sharp, which surround the principal summit of Mont Blanc, and whose flanks exhibit masses of disjointed prisms with frequently parallel strata, are thus simply, in M. Viollet-le-Duc's view, the ruins of the original cluster of lobes or rounded eminences presented by the upheaval of the protogine. This primary mass, spreading out as it emerged from its schistose envelope in a wide rift compared by our author to a vast button-

* *Mont Blanc: a Treatise on its Geodesical and Geological Constitution, its Transformations, and the Ancient and Recent State of its Glaciers.* By Eugène Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by B. Bucknall. With 120 illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

hole, assumed a fanlike shape mammillated across the surface, and consisting beneath of concentric layers of protogine, which were disintegrated by frost and snow settling in the hollows or lines of flexure. Hence the denticulated or ruined shapes in which its once domical or mammillar masses presented themselves, at the same time that the once deep pits and hollows, the ruptures resulting from the upheaval, became in time widened and moulded into the forms now exhibited by the environing valleys. We have here the keynote to M. Viollet-le-Duc's system. It is a bold and original conception, requiring for its realization a mind untrammelled by foregone conclusions or hypotheses. It is, as postulated by him, "only by taking up a position on elevated points at a great distance that we can appreciate the general configuration of these crystalline formations, the details in a near view assuming such importance as to prevent us from appreciating the masses." This may be possible in nature as regards the secondary peaks or summits. But for Mont Blanc where is the necessary bird's-eye-view to be obtained? The summit of the Brévent, for instance, may be seen from the top of the Grands Mulets, 3,000 feet above its level, displaying the faces of the great disintegrated rhombohedrons, and the beds of the ancient lateral glaciers (fig. 34 bis). So the Glacier de Talèfre may be seen from the summit of Mont Blanc, the Aiguille du Drû from that of the Aiguille Verte. But whence are we to look down upon the conical summit of Mont Blanc itself? And can we feel sure that we have logical ground for following our adventurous guide as he takes us back by successive stages from the jagged and pointed ridges of the crystalline rocks as they uprear themselves to the eye at B in fig. 36 bis through the intermediate forms of growing definiteness till he lands us on the geometrically drawn rhomboidal planes or facets of the hypothetical primary summit at A? Where, still more, are we to find that standing-point for a combined view of the entire Alpine range from which the Mont Blanc group, that of the Bernese Alps, and the Monte Rosa range, may be conceived as so many giant crystals, starting from a setting of snow, symmetrically combined and grouped? The nearest approach to such a *conspectus* may be seen in the admirable model of Mont Blanc made by the guides Carrier—father and son—on the scale of three inches to a mile, now in the hands of the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey at St. Mark's College, Windsor. But here the difficulty is to conceive the disjointed conical spires of rock having at any time formed members of one homogeneous scheme or framework, and to follow the ideal network of lines by which our author draws them together to form one or few primary crystalline summits. The effort calls for much strain upon the imaginative powers of the reader, and no little faith in the insight and steadiness of his guide. We have thus far been able to seize and to expound but partially M. Viollet-le-Duc's novel and ingenious system, hoping for an early opportunity of treating some parts of it more in detail.

FIELD PATHS AND GREEN LANES.*

THE author of these Country Walks, having spent several years on the other side of the Atlantic, has, since his return to England, found a peculiar zest in visiting on foot the hills and valleys of his native land. Untravelled folk would be surprised, as we were until we learnt the fact in a pleasant American volume called *Winter Sunshine*, by the author of *Wake Robin*, to discover that our American cousins have none of our taste "for starting off across the fields or along paths that lead to charmed spots," and would not even walk to a country church on the Sunday if they could possibly drive; but the discovery goes far to explain the enthusiasm with which Mr. Jennings seems bent upon "enjoying his own again." And truly he has before him the most inviting as well as exhaustless of fields; a field of such variety that to see it well, *teste* Mr. Emerson, would need a hundred years. But, going about the work with no other comrades or viaticum than "the Handbook and a pocket compass," with your railway-bearings skillfully mapped in the mind, and with an eye not only to the scenery and greenery, but also to the flora and fauna of the districts visited, it would be strange if a resolute man of fair health and no impediments could not in a short time give a pretty fair account of the highways, byways, resting-places, and shrines of England and Wales, besides laying in a stock of pleasant recollections for the aftertime. And though for a walking expedition a companion may be to some a *sine qua non*, there is much force in Mr. Jennings's argument that, if you trudge along unfettered, you can get the country folks to talk to you, "though they are as shy of the tourists who hunt in couples as they are of the wild man who flies past them on a bicycle."

Our author's first walk transports us to that strange borderland in the south-east corner of Sussex where Rye and Winchelsea—the Spithhead and Portsmouth of six centuries back—signal each other from hills, with three miles of marsh between them. The sea's encroachments in the first instance, and its subsequent retreat, have so altered the face of the coast that where now sheep and cattle feed in the wide marshes in the midst of which stands the ruin of Camber Castle, the men of 1624 remembered four hundred tall ships of all nations lying at anchor. Quiet old retreat as it now is, Winchelsea asserts a little of its former importance in its gates and Court hall, its church of St. Thomas of Canterbury—of which

only the old chancel remains, and which is worth a visit for the sake of the canopied monuments of the Alards (early wardens of the Cinque Ports)—and "the Friars," where, a little back from the road, and in a garden of fine ornamental timber, is the shell of the choir of a chapel to the Virgin terminating in an apse. Of the architectural details of church and friary the author wisely leaves his "Murray" to give particulars, which may be supplemented further by Mr. Basil Champneys's illustrated volume, *A Quiet Corner of England*, published about two years ago; and he does not note that "the Friars" was of old the residence of the two famous highwaymen, the Westons, who for some time lived there in decent repute, though they came eventually to the gallows. Of course they recall to the mind Thackeray's vivid fragment of "Denis Duval"; and if we cross with Mr. Jennings the marsh, embankment, and swing-bridge into the red-tiled, church-crowned town of Rye, with its antique streets, its Ypres tower, its church of mixed Romanesque, transitional, thirteenth and fourteenth-century features, and its quaint old house the "Mermaid," we shall be introduced, as one more "lion" of the old place, to "Peacock's," as Mr. Jennings calls it (Murray and Champneys read "Pocock's"), the old grammar school, founded in 1636, to which Thackeray sends young Denis in his novel, and which Mr. Champneys describes as an interesting specimen of the Renaissance school. At Rye, amidst the pews, if not the tombs, we get the first taste of our author's way of cross-questioning clerks and sextons, which elicited *inter alia* a plan of "levelling upwards" in Rye church, such as some thought might have served the turn of the Irish Church. "Why not," said the old sexton, "make half the Church Protestant, and half Roman Catholic for them as likes it. It's big enough for all." Other such philosophers came across the tourist at Wilmington and elsewhere, and from them he gathered not a few data of Sussex dialectic peculiarities, which have singular counterparts in American English. "As in America, the most hardwinged insects are commonly called 'bugs'; thus we hear of the lady-bug (lady-bird), the May-bug (cockchafer), the June-bug (the green beetle), and so forth."

We can but glance at one feature of the walk from Hastings to Bexhill—the church of that parish, which is high above the surrounding country, and famous for the longevity of its natives. One might doubt the story, were it not confirmed by several authorities, attaching to a painted glass window formerly in this neglected, but not unpicturesque, church. It represented Queen Eleanor and Henry III., and a drawing of it figures as the frontispiece to Horace Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. i. Lord Ashburnham, the patron, took it from the church to oblige his friend, in whose chapel at Strawberry Hill it remained till his famous sale, where, duly ticketed, it fetched some 30*l.* and odd. Further on in the volume we read of the queer spiriting away of a brass of the priest of the parish at Bletchingley, in Surrey, between Redhill and Crowhurst. It disappeared from the church on an occasion when the clerk's wife had trusted the keys to a stranger. Some years afterwards another stranger was visiting the church, and averred that he had bought in Soho Square the brass fitting that particular stone. He volunteered to return it, and was as good as his word; but—the inscription was gone. We spoke just now of Crowhurst in Surrey; but Crowhurst in Sussex first demands a word of notice. The village of Crowhurst, seen on the hill but lost when you get below, lies to the left of the fork of the road, the church to the right of it. It is a pleasant old church with a grand tower, and an amazing yew-tree, the exact measurement of which at five feet from the ground is 264 feet in girth. The top alone is green—the trunk shattered and hollow, and held to the rest of the tree by an iron band. The rival yew at the other Crowhurst girths 31 feet, is 43 feet more than the Sussex tree, and 8 feet more than the largest of those at Norbury. Decandolle would compute the age of the Sussex yew at 1,200 years. At the Sussex Crowhurst are the ruins of an old manor-house (date 1250), but the halo of antiquity (apart from the yew) is considerably dispelled by some staring red and yellow farmhouses and cottages. In the traceries of the church windows and the tower-door case occurs the "Pelham Buckle," an achievement commemorative of Sir John Pelham's part in taking the French King at Poitiers.

The reader will find Mr. Jennings a lively guide to the three grand castles of Pevensey, Hurstmonceaux, and Bodiam, particularly if he here avails himself of the supplementary aid of his "Murray." The ancient "Anderida" indeed is well known for its British, Roman, and Norman associations and remains, and it almost savours of sacrilege to us, as it did to the author, to learn that in its precinct, the village of Westham, which leads up to the castle, the sound of axes and hammers fairly gutting the church, whose aisle and chancel date back to Edward IV., was explained on inquiry by the ill-omened croak of one of the principal actors, "We be a restoring of un." Along Pevensey High Street a road of five and a half miles leads across a low marsh to what Mr. Lower calls the most picturesque castle in Sussex—namely, Hurstmonceaux—though its grand entrance is less picturesque than that of Raglan Castle, and is a child's toy to the Glamorgan-shire Caerphilly. Personally, indeed, we prefer Bodiam, a late fourteenth or early fifteenth-century structure, in its lake-like moat, to the Tudorized half-country house at Hurstpierpoint. The fine old park trees there have succumbed to the gales or the auctioneer. Mr. Jennings agrees with us as to Bodiam, which by the way stands three and a half miles by the fields and the Rother from Robertsbridge station, to say nothing of its complete moat, and the delight of approaching it, past the fine

* *Field Paths and Green Lanes: being Country Walks chiefly in Surrey and Sussex.* By Louis J. Jennings. Illustrated with Sketches by J. W. Whymper. London: John Murray. 1877.

Early English church of Salehurst, through lanes knee-deep in ferns and such "wildings of nature" as the wild violet, cuckoo flower, ladysmock, and primrose.

There is a weird interest attaching to Mayfield Palace, five miles afield from Ticehurst station, the scene of St. Dunstan's adroit use of his pincers upon Satan's nose, resulting in the Enemy's big jump from Mayfield to Tunbridge Wells, to the waters of which he imparted their chalybeate flavour. The pincers are still treasured up—so a Sister proved to our author—at the nunnery which has superseded the palace, once a favourite abode of the Primates of England, and now, thanks to its fine bracing air and the munificence of a Roman Catholic peeress, a branch or cell of the convent of St. Leonard's. Touchy as the nuns appear to be of scepticism as to the pincers, they seem to have lost Dunstan's hammer, the legend as to which is due to the early fame of the iron furnaces at Mayfield and this part of Sussex. The large Perpendicular church of Mayfield is worth a visit, and so is a most curious and almost perfect timber house of 1575, commemorated by Mr. Lower. The ruined Archbishop's Hall with its cross arches of stone was restored by the younger Pugin, and is now the nunnery chapel. In the walk, too, amidst the South Downs from Pulborough Station, on the line from Horsham, are one or two places at which we must glance. The first is Parham, a picturesque house, with its grey old face towards the downs, amidst a fine well-timbered park of oak and elm, birch and white thorn, ferns and rabbits. The interest of the interior centres in its wondrous store of varied curiosities, among which are many Coptic and Syriac MSS., and a book, the *World of Wonders* (1607), containing the rare autograph of Shakespeare, collected by the late Lord Zouche, better known as Robert Curzon. Mr. Jennings failed by some mishap to see these, but he speaks with the enthusiasm of a lover of nature of the celebrated heronry there, which is one of the finest in the kingdom. The history of this, as given in Murray, is very curious. The herons were brought in James I.'s reign from Coity Castle, Glamorganshire, to Penshurst. Thence, after a sojourn of two centuries, they migrated to Michel Grove, near Arundel, eight miles from Parham; and, when the Duke of Norfolk, seventeen years ago, bought Michel Grove, pulled down the house, and felled one or two trees, the birds migrated to their present home. From Parham, the seat of Lord Zouche, Mr. Jennings, after sleeping at Storrington, pushed upwards in the early morning under a sky whose countless shadows of quaint fleecy clouds reminded him of Hawthorne's *English Notes*, as it had reminded us of Mr. Blackmore's *Alice Lorraine*, to the landmark and earthwork of Chanetonbury Ring—it is said, of Celtic origin—capped at the top by trees. To its right on the plain stands Wiston Manor, the beautiful old house and park of the Rev. John Goring, and the home, in James I.'s reign, of the adventurous Shirley brothers, one of whom (Robert), sojourning in Persia, married and brought home to Wiston a fair Circassian of rank, much noticed at the English Court. Their portraits are at Petworth. The lady died in a Roman nunnery; her restless spouse in Persia after all. Novel-readers will recognize in this Robert Shirley the original of the son-in-law of Prince Agnieszka, the Eastern sire of a Jacobean Lorraine of Wiston, and will find the scenery and dialect of the South Down coombes given vividly in the novel above referred to. Had we space, we should like to glance at Cuckfield Place, and to examine, with Mr. Jennings's help, the fatal tree of the ancient lime avenue there; to detain him at Pax Hill long enough to prove to him that the Elizabethan house at Pax Hill was not—certainly not at the time of his rambles, in 1876—sold to a London broker; and to accompany him on another day to princely Petworth. Mr. Jennings would have had the builders pitch the mansion three miles off near the Prospect Tower to the left of the park, but the older founders mostly built in the valleys, and the secret of the site in this case is perhaps convenient contiguity to the town. Anon we are transported into Surrey to the top of Leith Hill, with its once grim but now smart tower and magnificent outlook over one knows not how many counties, reached by a road past John Evelyn's "Wotton," which the author, in p. 168, brings within the limits of a summer afternoon's excursion to the jaded Londoner. There is little need to linger at modern Wotton, the irregular brick mansion of which is "like a gentleman's house turned into an infirmary." Another walk, to Guildford, over the hills, opens out a view as winning, if not so extensive, as that from Leith Hill, "recalling," says our "Murray," "some wide-sweeping landscape by Rubens or by Turner," and introducing us to the ancient yew trees that still mark the route of the pilgrims from Southampton to the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury. For Caterham, Godalming, Reigate, Guildford, Dorking, their environs, walks, and rides, on which Mr. Jennings has bestowed some of his best descriptive work, we must refer the reader to his pages. In the Reigate day's walk, by the way, come the house and borough of Gatton, the former described as "a rather ugly building with a great fungus growing out of the middle"; the latter a whilom pocket-borough of Lord Monson's which Mr. Gladstone may yet lead us to regret. The day is not so far off when "Gatton and Old Sarum" were as familiar a collocation of words as "flesh and blood" have since become.

Among noteworthy estates and parks of Surrey a word or two must be spared for damp and sombre Norbury, with its excellently situated house and park of three hundred acres of various timber, as well as its famous Druid's Grove of yews, which Evelyn and Selby fail to mention, and which Mr. Jennings could not see without an order. He gives the measurements of several

large yews and larger beeches; but does not speak of the walnut-trees, which in 1713 are said by Shoberl, in his *Beauties of England and Wales*, to have reached the number of forty thousand. Albury is an uninteresting house in spite of Pugin's manipulation, in a region of Surrey leading towards East Horsley, lying in a park with charms of its own. Its chief features are the (we must not call it Irvingite) cathedral in the park, and the remains of an old parish church of possibly Saxon date. Most charming and picturesque of the trio is classic Deepdene, long the residence of "Anastasia" Hope, a domain of noble trees, rich glades, and deep dells of fern and foxglove, intersected with paths carpeted with thickest moss. The parks of Chart and Eetchworth (including Box Hill), successively annexed by the Hope family, make this domain no less than twelve miles in circumference; and the charming variety of conifers and deciduous trees in the dell or "dene" and avenues, is only rivalled by the choice collections of pictures and statuary, and the calm stateliness of the library. Here we must take leave of this very pleasant volume, though its concluding chapters carry us within the bounds of Kent to Penshurst, and give us a glimpse also of the banks of the Wye from Ross to Chepstow. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Whympers's drawings are for the most part charming.

DE LACY'S LECTURES.*

WE suppose that Leo de Lacy is the real name of somebody at Chester; at least we are bound conventionally to assume that it is so, and that neither the Byzantine name nor the Norman surname is put on merely as lions' skins are said to have been put on in ancient fables. Mr. Leo de Lacy then is essentially a member of that class of people who deem it their duty to set everybody right; only with him the mission takes a certain preventive or conservative character; his business is not strictly to set everybody right, but rather to keep everybody from going wrong. Mr. Leo de Lacy does not, like most of his class, want to change anything; his mission is to keep something from being changed. He wishes the pronunciation of Latin which is, or which lately was, usual in English schools to be preserved with no change at all, or with the smallest possible amount of change. If we have rightly made him out, he will allow *pater* and *mater* to be sounded as everybody out of England sounds them; and that is all that he will allow. He is very angry with all those, in the Universities and elsewhere, who have proposed a mode of pronunciation more like that of other nations, more like what we have every reason to believe the ancient pronunciation was. He is not only angry with them, but he makes very merry with them. He tries to make the thing funny by printing the proposed changes with the most grotesque combinations of letters that he can think of, and he supposes that something is gained or proved, that a point of some kind or other is made, by some nonsense called a "Judicial Summing-up and Verdict." Mr. Leo de Lacy too is very fond of dragging in all manner of things which have nothing to do with the matter in hand, if only they are thought to be funny. His sentences moreover give us some of the queerest and most chaotic pilings together of words which we have seen for a long while. In fact, if we could suppose Mr. Leo de Lacy to be anybody but Mr. Leo de Lacy, we should be a good deal reminded by him of the oracle from Weston-super-Mare with whom we had to deal a few weeks back. Mr. Leo de Lacy's tendencies seem to be Irish rather than West-Saxon; but when, in discussing Latin pronunciation, he stops to discuss the practice of laymen reading the lessons in church, and to tell a story about the late King of the Belgians burning a copy of *Humphrey Clinker*, we are irresistibly reminded of a late Bampton Lecturer.

Anyhow, if Mr. Leo de Lacy has but small Latin, he has yet less Greek. He is singularly unlucky both with his Greek accents and his Latin quantities. If there are any boys at Chester who learn either Latin or Greek of Mr. Leo de Lacy, the language which they carry away must, one would think, be something like French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, or like the Babylonish Greek of the learned Professor who amused the British Association by talking of "Chersonesus Cimbricus." Stratford and Babylon are fairly beaten by Chester, when Mr. Leo de Lacy marks (p. 52) *veritas* as having a short *e* and (p. 127) *virtus* as having a short *u*. Greek accents are often a snare to those who only write them and make no use of them in sound; but Mr. Leo de Lacy is specially unlucky. He accentuates wrong; he then gives a list of *errata*, and therein makes the last error, if not worse than the first, at any rate no better. Very little certainly is gained by correcting *εἰδωλον*, *εἰδω*, and *ἀναγνώσκων* into *εἰδωλον*, *εἰδω*, and *ἀναγνώσκειν*. It is plain that Mr. Leo de Lacy is in the same state of mind as Bishop Monk was when he wrote the Life of Bentley. It seems that in Bentley's day there were still some at Cambridge who read Greek so that a Greek would have understood them. All that Bishop Monk could find to say on this most important and interesting fact was that they must have made some strange false quantities. Mr. Leo de Lacy also evidently never heard of any pronunciation of

* *De Lacy's Lectures*. Lecture 1. The Popular View of the recent University Standard of Latin Pronunciation. Lecture 2. The Critical View or Analysis of the same, with a Judicial Summing-up, Verdict, and Substitute. Lecture 3. On the following subjects:—1. The Gerundive, &c. 2. The Imperative Mood, &c. 3. On certain points of English Orthography. By Leo de Lacy. Chester: Phillimore & Golder. London: Griffith & Farran. 1877.

Greek but that which is taught to English schoolboys. He assumes that pronunciation of Greek as a standard by which to argue between different ways of pronouncing Latin. Mr. Leo de Lacy has "considered most carefully" the pronunciation of the Latin long *i*, and "the conclusion at which he has arrived, after much thought, is that we should steadily cleave to our national pronunciation." He "feels quite convinced that even if the change were confined to the Latin, Englishmen would never cease to regret, when reading that language, the loss of a sound to which they are not only accustomed but attached, as belonging to their native speech." Indeed Mr. Leo de Lacy shows signs that he is not fully satisfied even with sounding *vinum* as Englishmen commonly sound it. He hints at a broader sound, "the soft and musical 'O moy' of Erin's fair daughters of the educated class"—and so on through two pages of nonsense. But the joke is that one of his arguments is that "it is worthy of remark that this sound [the long diphthongal *i*] is of frequent occurrence in the Greek, imparting to it a fine manly tone." So in another place, "the peculiar grace imparted to the Greek language by such words as Euphemia, Euphrosyne, &c., may have affected the pronunciation of the single vowel *u* in languages where the diphthong is of rare occurrence." The object now is the defence of our pronunciation of long Latin *u* like our own pronoun *you*. Mr. Leo de Lacy evidently thinks that, if the fair daughters of Erin sang "O moy," a fair daughter of Hellas who chanced to bear the name of *Εὐφροσύνη* would not only sound *moi* as "moy," but would recognize herself in such a collection of sounds as *Youfrosinee*. Mr. Leo de Lacy is fond of quoting all manner of authors. He has doubtless read of "Euphemia or Effie Deans." How does he think that *Εὐφροσύνη* got shortened into *Effie*?

Yet, after all, Mr. Leo de Lacy is not always so stupid or ignorant as he might seem to be from these specimens. Even in misunderstanding things he now and then stumbles on remarks which have a certain degree of point. He says with truth that there is a certain difference between Roman *c* and Greek *κ*. There is undoubtedly a difference in their history. That is, Roman *c* did in the end get softened in certain cases; Greek *κ* keeps its hard sound to this day. It is indeed absolutely certain that the two letters practically answered to one another. As *Cicero* was written in Greek *Κικέρων*, and as the sound of the *κ* in *Κικέρων* has not altered, we know that the *c* in *Cicero* was hard. But this does not prove that symptoms of the coming softening may not have shown themselves early, even while *Cicero* was still sounded hard. It was so in the change of the Latin *v* from our *w* to our *v*. In certain positions, where the *w* sound was hard to give, the *v* came in very early. *Livius* was *Λίβιος* ages and ages before *β* had displaced *ο* at the beginning of words. So Mr. Leo de Lacy may be right in pointing to the words where *c* is doubled, as those in which the change began. Double *c* in Latin is much more common than double *k* in Greek, and in some cases there are alternative forms, as *Accius*, *Attius*. And, as Mr. Leo de Lacy says, there is something harsh in words like *accipere* sounded with the double *k* sound—both letters of course being sounded, as in Italian. One can well believe that this was the class of words in which the change first began, that the second *c* in *accipere* had got its softer sound while *Cicero* was still sounded hard. Mr. Leo de Lacy again has odd views as to the declension of *parcere*, whose perfect he makes *parsi*. So he is of course quite inaccurate in speaking of perfects like *ransi*, *mulsi*, *visi*, *sensi* as formed by changing *c*, *g*, *d*, or *t* into *s*. We need hardly say that what really happens is the omission of *c*, *g*, *d*, and *t* before *si*. Yet it may be that we see here another form of the softening process which, by another application, gave *c* and *g* their later sounds before *e* and *i*. So again Mr. Leo de Lacy seems to be right in pitching on such words as *major* and *peior* as those which illustrate the change from Latin *j*—with of course the German sound of *j*—into the Italian *gi*. But he misunderstands the process. The *g* of *magnum* and *magis* is not changed into *j* in *major*; what happens is that the *g* is left out. *Magior* becomes *major* by that kind of softening of the *g* which is often heard in modern Greek, and in English too, where *yett* and *yard* alternate with *gate* and *garth*. *Magis* itself must have been softened in the same way to become the French *mais*. Yet we can quite believe that it was in words where *gi*, *di*, came together that the *j* first became the Italian *gi*. We can believe that *major* was sounded something like *maggiore* long before *Julius* had become *Giulio*. On the other hand, the fact that Latin *jug* = Teutonic *joch*, *yoke*, has for its Greek cognate *ζυγ*, and the occurrence of the Latin *Jovis* alongside of *Zeús*, *Δις*, *Tiv*, and the rest, seem to point to still earlier tendencies in the same way on the part of Latin *j*.

Mr. Leo de Lacy again has a better right to be heard about Gerundives and Imperatives than he has when he is making his "Judicial Summing-up," or talking nonsense about Erin's fair daughters. He is orthodox too about "Spelling Reform," though he ought to be more civil to Mr. Skeat. So he has what is really not a bad essay on the words ending in *-our*, where he fights strongly for keeping the *o* in *honour* and such like. Yet even here Mr. Leo de Lacy is followed by his usual ill luck. *Arbour* he connects with French *arbre*, Latin *arbor* (*arbo* is of course a misprint). He does not see that it is simply the same word as *harbour*, and therefore what he calls "from the Saxon." *Armour* he makes answer to French *armure* and Latin *armor*. We cannot say that we ever lighted on this last word in any Latin book. *Armure* is of course from *armatura*, and if the spelling of *armour* is changed, it should become *armure* and not *armor*.

All this nonsense and gross blundering, combined with certain glimmerings of acuteness, makes a very odd mixture. Is Mr. Leo

de Lacy one of the class of "seri studiosum," one who has taken up the study of Latin in later years, and who has learned something about the language, without thoroughly learning the language itself? This kind of knowledge of a language is one which we are most of us glad to possess in the case of less commonly known languages, as it is found to be practically useful for many purposes. But those whose knowledge goes no further than this will act wisely if they keep themselves back from disputing about minute points of philology, and still more wisely if they keep themselves back from declaiming against those who understand more than themselves.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

"A MOUNTBANK," says Swift, "had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat, unwieldy fellow would be crying out, 'Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together!' At last a weaver that stood next him could hold no longer. 'A plague confound you,' said he, 'for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as you yourself? Don't you consider that you take up more room with that carcase than any five here? Bring it to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.'" This story came back to our memory as we read the abuse that the author of this novel pours on "this nineteenth century of ours—this age of mental fog and obscurity," as she calls it, "in which we make haste to pull down all the grand old landmarks, and call good evil and evil good." The age, indeed, has its blots. Perhaps one of the greatest of its blots is the school of novelists to which this writer belongs. She wants, it would seem, to mend the times. Let her cease to write, and she will have done something. This rabble of writers that has been raked together is unhappily too large to be easily lessened; but a beginning can be made, and no one can with greater reason be called upon to make a beginning than an author who has still enough good sense left her to see the evil of the days on which she has fallen.

There is, indeed, a fog over this age, though we should hesitate to call it a mental fog. Neither the writers nor the readers of such novels as *Cherry Ripe*, in whatever fog and obscurity they may unhappily be wrapped, have much to do with what is mental. The air in which they move is gross indeed when they find their pleasure in writing or reading stories of vicious life and of coarse animal natures. These stories are written for low tastes and for mean understandings. There is a tawdriness of words and of sentiments about them which is not a little like the tawdriness of ornament that so well suits the women whose deeds they commonly celebrate. Look through this finery and there is nothing but folly seen beneath. Words are heaped upon words, substantives are added to substantives, and adjectives are doubled and trebled. Epithets are strung together like so many onions on a rope. Of the morality of these books we need not say much. It is worthy of the style; low in tone; often indelicate in suggestion, if not in expression; sometimes worse. We are not speaking specially of the book before us; but it is a specimen—we do not say a particularly bad specimen—of a bad class. There are worse books of the sort; but it is not pleasant to read in a story from a woman's pen such a passage as the following, describing the conditions under which a married woman may most surely make herself attractive to other men than her husband:—

Flora Dundas might be a very lovely and charming woman to flirt with at home, or on the quiet, but in public—no, thank you! She had an awkward knack of attracting general attention to herself, of conducting her flirtations in the broadest light of day, so that all who ran might read, and men as a rule prefer a little secrecy about the matter, and are far oftener found faithful to the plain married woman, whose behaviour is irreproachable abroad, than to the imprudent beauty who has thrown the challenge down to society, with a foolhardy defiance that, by some curious process of reasoning, she justifies by the name of courage.

The author of *Cherry Ripe* attacks "maudlin, unhealthy sentiment." Why, her book is full of it; and there is something especially offensive in the sudden turn from maudlin, unhealthy sentiment to still unhealthier descriptions of an "imprudent" married woman like this Mrs. Dundas. Charles Surface was bad enough; but Joseph Surface, when he took to moralizing, was indeed hateful. Not, however, that "hateful" is the right term for a book of this kind. There is too much silliness about it for it to be hateful. The author has clearly such a relish herself for the big words and fine sentences which she expects, and with reason no doubt, her readers to relish also, that indignation gives place to other feelings. It almost passes belief that any educated person—even the author of a modern novel in three volumes—should be silly enough to write down, nay, to put into print and to publish to the world, that a "ladder leaped with a rakish air, as though it had given over work for the day, and was enjoying itself." But this writer is not content with the ladder. She goes a step lower and makes a basket "execute various hops and skips of a jubilant character, finally whisking itself out of sight in an ecstasy of bobs that suggested 'Good-by, and thank you.'" What a basket drawn by a string up a wall may suggest to some minds it is impossible to guess. The height of silliness is attained by those who not only have silly suggestions made to their own minds, but publish

* "Cherry Ripe!" A Romance. By the Author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "The Token of the Silver Lily." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

them to the world. It is not surprising that, after the writer has been able to make so much of the ladder and the basket, she can fill more than two pages with a cock—his “derivative cock-a-doodle-do,” and his “evident intention of taking one of his unauthorized and vagabond rambles.” Descriptions such as this in which the cock appears are called, we believe, word-painting. They are the invention of the latter part of this century which the author so vehemently abuses, and are very convenient for making a very small matter fill a very large space. They are like the wind with which a bladder is blown out till it is large enough to make a foot-ball. They are also like the rubbish that is used to add weight to calico and silk stuffs. Authors use them in much the same way as Mr. Biggar, in making his speeches, uses the Blue Books; and rational readers value them about as highly as Mr. Biggar’s audience values his extracts. There must, however, be not a small number of readers who have a real liking for these tawdry descriptions. “The ruck of breathing automata,” to adopt the author’s own language, must have a certain relish for a “noble panoply of words,” again to quote the same authority. We all talk about the weather. It must be a pleasing surprise to some people to find in what very big words it can be said that it is a fine day. We all notice now and then that the moon is shining through the clouds. The author of *Cherry Ripe* knows how to puff out such a simple fact as this into language that must sound very fine to that large class of readers who never trouble themselves with the meaning of words. “The moon,” she says, “showed as a gentle and benignant spirit amidst the wrack of clouds that scudded like phantom snow-drifts across the sky.” The moon, wonderful to relate, shone the next night also. On that night, however, “it washed one-half of the world all over with liquid pearl.” Another evening, “a night-bird whirled past—out of the soft twilight; a night-wind came sighing and whispering, toying with the few precious flowers brought by Prue.” To any one who has noticed the silent flight of night birds “whirled” sounds a strange word to apply to it. The sighing, whispering, and toying of the wind are far too commonly worked up nowadays to raise in the reader any sensation at all. The heroine on one occasion goes out into the fields and begins to pick flowers. How much the author can make of flower-picking the following sentence will show:—“She discovered a slender Aaron’s rod, but feared to approach, much less gather it, since it was the swaying centre of a swarm of eager bees, who ruthlessly sucked the sweetness from out of its golden blossoms.” These are but instances of pages and pages that are filled with the same kind of descriptions. It is such dull nonsense as four persons out of five could be taught to write, if it were worth while to take the trouble to teach them. It requires no more observation of nature and no more knowledge of art than are needed to fit the apprentice to a village painter to paint the Red Lion or the Black Bull on the signboard of the village inn.

Modern though this descriptive kind of writing is, the use of big words in which these artists delight is old enough. For that kind of folly the present century is certainly not to blame. For many a long year have foolish writers thought it fine to bring in, as the present author does, a youth, a horse, and fly, only to show that in the next line they can be called “the biped, quadruped, and conveyance.” Modern writers have not been content merely to follow the older writers in the fineness of their words. They have invented a kind of jargon of their own. Thus the heroine of *Cherry Ripe* beheld the wicked hero “with a sudden stound of gladness.” A parrot “elected to make a sudden dash at the man’s arm and swarm up his shoulder.” Nay, the writer even makes “Providence elect to turn the scale in the favour of life, yet with so niggard a hand that scarcely could the man be said to be saved.” In another passage she writes that the rays of the sun on an October afternoon “strike one with a sense of tingling and warmth.” One trick of these writers is to double all their words. It is not enough to make the rays of the sun on an October afternoon strike with a sense of warmth; they must strike with a sense of tingling also. Thus also the beginnings of love are compared “to the first seedling shoot of that which in time should become a stately flower.” Now a seedling is “a plant reared from the seed.” But when a writer talks about “seeking to wrest its yet unborn secret of colour and perfume” from a seed in the earth, she thinks it needful early in the sentence to get into fine words, so that her readers may not be alive to the nonsense that she is writing. At times she varies her fine writing by her slang, at times by her bad French. Thus she writes of “the whip who tooled his four-in-hand,” and she quotes the Frenchman’s witty definition of *une passion*—“une (sic) grande (sic) caprice enflammée (sic) par des obstacles.” She goes to history for her illustrations, and to biography also. She brings in Henry VIII. and his six wives “all waiting to have their heads cut off.” It is clear that she believes that they all did have their heads cut off; for she asks:—“Did these murdered queens come stepping softly to his side when he lay a-dying?” Though one of the heroes of her story is a profligate scoundrel, we are glad to learn that she does not admire Henry VIII. “He was but a sorry knave after all, in spite of his kingly air and presence,” is the verdict with which she dismisses him. The hero gave the heroine “credit for being an apt disciple of Miss Porter.” “Who was Miss Porter?” she asked. “Don’t you know?” “Sir,” said Dr. Johnson (*apropos* of his marriage with that lady), “it was a love-match on both sides.” Our author had better add a Boswell to her library and learn who it was that Johnson did marry. She may, as she turns over the leaves, chance to light on the passage where Johnson says, “Depend upon it no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.”

Had we any chance of reaching the sort of readers for whom *Cherry Ripe* is written, we would beg of them to turn this saying over in their minds when next they are thinking of sending to the circulating library for a novel of the season.

AMONG THE SPANISH PEOPLE.*

THESE notes of Mr. Rose on the Spanish people are scarcely inferior in interest to his *Untrodden Spain*, although he goes over very similar ground in both. The fact is that his subject is singularly picturesque and practically inexhaustible, and few Englishmen can have mastered it so thoroughly as Mr. Rose has done. He has mixed familiarly with the Spanish lower orders, lived their life, shared their meals, and invited their confidence. He seems to have learned their language in its dialects so thoroughly as partly to have forgotten his own; at least so he once remarks half apologetically, although, except perhaps from some occasional word which appears to have been coined for his purpose, we should scarcely have detected it. But we cannot conscientiously say much for his literary arrangement. The desultory articles are rambling and very frequently repeat themselves, and they give us the idea of having been thrown together without comparison or revision, or any regard to a general scheme. Some of them indeed we recognize as reprints of letters which we liked in the *Times*, although the author makes no reference to the circumstance either on his title-page or in his preface. But we may be content to overlook any literary shortcomings in consideration of what is valuable and curious in the volumes.

Mr. Rose’s opinion of the Spaniards is almost identical with that of the two other Englishmen whom we regard as the most trustworthy authorities on the matter. Like Mr. Ford and Mr. Borrow he sets small store by the blue blood that runs in the veins of highborn hidalgos, and he holds the trading classes almost as cheaply. He denounces the aristocracy, of whom he professes to know very little personally, as effete, selfish, and bigoted; the trading classes as indolent, unpatriotic, and corrupt. The superior clergy have many of the vices of the nobility, and even the priests who have sprung from the people take a narrow and grovelling view of their duties, and too often set their flocks a scandalous example. The consequence is that the people have been left to themselves, and it says much, according to Mr. Rose, for their natural nobility of character that they show such a preponderance of estimable qualities. He sketches and colours their portraits with a friendly yet discriminating hand, though his partiality makes large excuse for their failings. We may sum up his deliberate convictions by saying that they have warm hearts and warmer tempers, and that until very lately they have been brutally uneducated. They possess in generous superabundance the charity that covers a multitude of sins. They are always ready to help each other in their difficulties, and the greater the poverty or misery, the readier the overflow of sympathy. While the long-descended noble or wealthy merchant will place himself and his house ostentatiously at your disposal, in the confidence that your knowledge of society will prevent your taking him at his word, hospitality is a genuine virtue with those who have but little for themselves. The peasant at his rough meal by the roadside, nay, the very convict in the yard of the prison, will press upon you a share of his *olla*, and be flattered by your accepting it and hurt by your refusal. Among themselves, the dregs of the people have almost fantastic ideas of honour. Not only will the accomplice of a crime decline to give up his companions, although assured that the penalty of his refusal will be a longer sentence for himself, but the victim of some most brutal atrocity will be equally silent as to his enemy. It is true that he will not carry his Christianity to the point of practising forgiveness. On the contrary, while declining to come to the help of justice, he takes care to make the candid avowal that he means to right himself. And this most distinctive national trait leads us on to the darker side of his character. He is fearfully passionate and relentlessly revengeful. Even now, although a succession of penal codes has been passed against the practice, every Spanish man, and not a few of the women, carry respectively in their sashes or garters those long, scimitar-shaped knives which are held fast open by a spring. At the slightest provocation the knife flies out, and the sight of his enemy’s blood only seems to aggravate the rage of the assailant. Stab follows rapidly upon stab, so that the savage assault most commonly becomes a murder. An immense proportion of the inmates of the gaols are men who were worthy enough fellows in their way till they lost their heads in some moment of excitement and imbrued their hands in the blood of a neighbour. The Spaniard is no drunkard, and it is just as well that he is not, for, were he in the habit of inflaming his blood with liquor, the race would very speedily exterminate itself. On the contrary, he is a great water-drinker, though he loves his early cup of *aguardiente* to keep out the chill of the morning air, and does not object on a feast-day to a draught of the wine of the country. But Mr. Rose, much as he likes the Spaniard, can say nothing in favour of his manner of speech; and indeed travelling in Spain would be impossible to English ladies if they were deeply versed in the brutalities of the vernacular. For the peasant or the artisan, though he may be most respectable according to his lights, will interlard his everyday language with the most blasphemous oaths

* *Among the Spanish People.* By the Rev. Hugh James Rose, Chaplain of Jerez and Cadiz, Author of “*Untrodden Spain.*” London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

and the most loathsome obscenity, being all the time in the best of tempers, and merely indulging in these flowers of speech from force of habit. That this should be the custom speaks volumes in respect to the delicacy of the women who listen to it all as a matter of course. At the same time Mr. Rose relates a variety of anecdotes to prove the strength and fidelity of female affection. When a Spanish girl's heart is won, he tells us that it is won for ever. Weeping wives and sweethearts gather round the gratings of the prisons, bringing food which they can ill spare or delicacies which they can ill afford to supplement the fare of the establishment. And the first thought of a woman when her husband has been convicted will be to sell off her wretched bits of furniture, of which her poor neighbours will readily relieve her, that she may follow him to the distant *presidio* where he is to drag his chains and serve out his sentence. Thus the bulk of crime in Spain is very much an affair of temperament; and consequently crimes of violence must always be more or less rare there. But education has been greatly on the increase of late years; and it may be hoped that it will effect something in the way of reform by inculcating some notions of morality and habits of self-control.

As a corollary to those foibles of the Spanish character which are perpetually embroiling the people with the law, Mr. Rose has much to say about prison discipline and the criminal tribunals. He complains strongly of the slowness and uncertainty of justice. The judges are miserably paid and frequently changed; consequently their work is done in an indolent and slovenly way, while they must often be amenable to corrupt influences. Time after time a suspected person is remanded, and sometimes when his case is on the point of being settled he learns that the judge has been replaced by another, and that the whole affair has to be begun over again. Meanwhile he is submitting to the privations of the common gaol and being contaminated in the society of the worst of criminals. Theoretically the prison arrangements are by no means bad, and their most obvious defect is the neglect of effective supervision. There is no solitary confinement, unless by way of occasional punishment, or when the culprit has influential connexions and the means of paying for a room. Mr. Rose is of opinion, and we have no doubt he is right, that, with so impressionable and sociable a people, segregation in cells would lead in many cases to insanity. But it is utterly wrong to go to the other extreme, and leave a hundred or so of prisoners to their own devices, with no other restraint than the presence of one or two of the most powerful of their number who are appointed to keep order as "imaginary sergeants." We can easily understand that there should be a frightful deal of bullying, and that the weakest and least guilty must go to the wall. But Mr. Rose speaks well of the gaolers and turnkeys, and if they do not abuse their authority the fact is very much to their credit. The diet varies, but in most places it seems to be fairly plentiful; and, although the Spaniards are large eaters, they are never much spoiled by luxury. It is only exceptionally, as in the convict establishments in Africa, which Mr. Rose describes as dens of horror, that the commissariat contractor abuses his trust and makes money out of the prisoners' necessities, when of course the gaolers must be bribed into complicity. The rooms are spacious and lofty, but the bedding leaves much to be desired. It shows the Spartan simplicity of the habits of the lower classes that hardly any of the prisoners have more than a single suit of clothes, although they are permitted to have free communication with their friends. What with the cold in winter, and the heat and the swarms of vermin in the summer, their sufferings must be severe enough; and another thing that presses with cruel severity on criminals is the arbitrary way in which they are distributed after conviction. Thus a man who has been born and brought up in the semi-tropical heat of Andalusia is sent off to serve his time in some northern prison like Valladolid or Alcalá, where he is exposed to the bitter rigour of the winter. An order of this kind is simply tantamount to a sentence of death; for he is almost sure to succumb slowly to the cold, if he is not carried off more quickly by pulmonary complaints. But there is one point in Spanish prison administration which might be advantageously imitated by ourselves. When the convicts are set to work, it is invariably to remunerative labour. When a man has learned a trade, he follows it; if he knows no trade, he is taught one. And, after deduction made for his keep, the surplus profits are handed over to him for pocket-money, when of course he expends in food or cigarettes what he does not gamble away.

We believe that we have skimmed the cream of the book, and given special attention to the subjects with which Mr. Rose chiefly concerns himself. But what we may call the promiscuous chapters are all well worth reading, since the writer's heart is evidently in them, and he is thoroughly acquainted with what he is writing about. He takes us from great seaports like Cadiz and Alicante into remote towns in the country and the mining districts. He gives us glimpses at the lives of provincial priests and well-to-do peasants; he tells us about the soldiers and the civil guards; he reports the talk of the rough working-men with whom he "foregathered" in the course of his wanderings. We have only to repeat in conclusion that perhaps no English writer can ever have done Spain more conscientiously; for he owns, with no false shame, that his poverty as well as his will compelled him to live in the humblest manner, and make his repasts with muleteers and fishermen. Yet withal he judges his promiscuous companions in the true temper and spirit of a gentleman; and the chief fault we have to find is that to which we have already adverted—that sometimes his partiality for them carries him away.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

FAUST (Translated by T. J. Arnold, F.S.A. Stroeffer, Munich; Hachette, and Fine Art Society, London), with illustrations by Herr Liezen Mayer, is perhaps the most sumptuous work of the season. Mr. Arnold's translation is fluent, perhaps too colloquial, as when he makes the poet say that the public has "read an awful deal." He is also, we presume, the guilty author of the atrocious practice which styles Gretchen "Maggy." Herr Liezen Mayer's designs were discussed at length in these columns a short time ago; and it is unnecessary here to make any further criticism upon them. As a gift-book in its popular kind, this splendid edition of *Faust* is not to be excelled, and the binding and paper are worthy of the designs which they set off.

The Mediterranean Illustrated (T. Nelson and Sons) takes us from the pillars of Hercules to "the flood of the fleece of gold." The Mediterranean, as Dr. Johnson said, is the thing in the world best worth seeing, the centre of all the ancient civilizations. As far as woodcuts may, the designs revive the memory of the Alhambra, of the Riviera, and of Athens, where (p. 244) the tower which Dr. Schliemann and his accomplices overthrew is still standing. Sicily, Rome, Egypt, and Palestine are not neglected, and the cedars of Lebanon are represented in a drawing of some cleverness.

The Rhine (G. C. T. Barkley. Bickers and Son) is a book of the same class, translated from the German, and illustrated with four hundred and fifty drawings on the wood by German artists. We begin with the Rheinwald glacier, with the slender thread of water which becomes the most famous of European rivers, *fabulosus amnis*. There is no word but "weird," that overworked term, for the design of the gloomy lake Toma. The "city gate of Ilanz" is a very interesting group of trees, gables, and ancient portals. Rheineck (p. 24) is a really remarkable sketch, the perspective and the distance being managed with a skill not too usual in this class of art. The sunset view of Costanz is well worth lingering over, and there is a most quaint reproduction of an old sketch of John Huss at the stake. The martyr is in an attitude of quiet contemplation. M. Gustave Doré might envy the grotesque horror of the scene "After the Battle on the Rhine Bridge" (p. 39). A moonlit view of Schaffhausen shows that effects which seem peculiar to etching can be legitimately got on the wood. Waldshut (p. 49) rather disappoints us, as the town offers more characteristic points of view; but Lauffenburg will please even those who are devoted to the beautiful engraving in *Modern Painters*. There is much skill in the composition which is crowned by the spires of Basel. At this point, these too successful drawings awaken a *nostalgia* which makes the critic close the volume if he is not to pass the rest of the day tracking the Rhine through all her forests and storied towns. We have very great pleasure in recommending this interesting itinerary, and these attractive and picturesque drawings, which have real feeling and novelty, and refresh the eye and mind with memories of the free German Rhine.

Picturesque Europe (Cassell, Petter, and Co.) is, we fancy, a continuation of a series of papers which we noticed last year. Here we are taken to Balmoral, Kenilworth, Norham Castle—less fair than in Turner's *Liber Studiorum*—and to many other old homes of English families. The bold scenery of the Irish coast is drawn with fantastic skill. The book is a handsome one, and will direct the tours of some readers, while it will remind others of pleasant holiday times.

The names and the distinctly marked characters of the Seven Churches of Asia are so familiar that Mr. Vaughan was happily inspired when he thought of editing a series of engravings of the famous cities (*St. John and the Seven Churches*. Virtue and Co.) Ary Scheffer's picture of "St. John and Our Lord" is very delicately engraved in the frontispiece of this pretty and instructive volume.

The late Mr. Wornum has edited (Seeley, Jackson, and Co.) a second series of etchings from the National Collection. M. Le Rat's "St. Catherine" is scarcely a satisfactory substitute for Dea Noyer's engraving. The delicacy of the flowers in the foreground is entirely lost. M. Mongin has made "Andrea del Sarto" too haggard in expression; he is happier, we think, with Moroni's "Portrait of a Lawyer." M. Rajon's "Gerard Dow" deserves all praise; and M. Richeton's "The Cradle," after Nicolas Maes, is really a delightful work, admirable in representation of textures and in the expression of the womanly little girl who rocks the cradle. Even cradles and babies may be designed by true artists without the popular mawkishness of our domestic school. M. Gaucherel's "Street Scene in Cologne" (after Van der Heyden) is really wonderful in crispness and cleanness of touch. The plate does not seem "fatigued" like one or two of the other etchings. M. Flameng has done Greuze all justice, and Mr. Wornum speaks less harshly of this popular artist than Mr. Sidney Colvin has done. "Venice," after Turner, by M. Brunet-Debaines, is more successful than we had deemed possible. The colour almost seems present, and the barges float in the water, which recalls the faint rose and the golden hues of Turner's beautiful sketch. Mr. Wornum's brief notes, it is scarcely necessary to say, are all that can be desired.

Stray Thoughts in Verse (Mrs. Briggs of Strathairly. R. Grant, Edinburgh) seem very quiet after all the glories of purple and gilt cloth. The poems in this volume show a sense of form which is very rare among the works of ladies who write verse. "Larga Bay" is like a sketch of one of the eastern firs in the rare hours when the grey Northern Sea is as blue as the Mediterranean,

when the sands of the distant coast glow like gold, and the red roofs of the towns are reflected in the shore water. The first of six sonnets, "Weariness," only wants a little polish to take a high rank in this difficult and rarely successful form of verse. The *triolet* translated from Froissart, "Come back, Beloved," loses its tripping measure by the extension of the lines to ten feet. We have not, unfortunately, the original poem before us, but probably Froissart wrote in lines of eight feet, and used an intermixture of feminine rhymes, best represented by a double rhyme in English. "Never Again" is a very successful lyric, in a metre anything but easy. The author of these verses will find it worth while to spare no pains, for she certainly possesses the gift of lyrical expression, and a natural style which deserves culture.

The Cuckoo Clock (Ennis Graham. Macmillan and Co.) is illustrated by Mr. Crane, with his pleasant pedantry. The old house on the title-page is a gem in its kind. It is not easy to criticize this rather remarkable book in a short notice. If any one can imagine the fancy of *Alice in Wonderland*, transmuted into quaint and delicate sentiment, a little esoteric perhaps, a little too dainty for children, he will have some idea of the character of *The Cuckoo Clock*. But as this metamorphosis of *Alice* is hard to conceive without experience, we advise every one to read *The Cuckoo Clock*. It will leave them, we think, puzzled, pleased, and vaguely dissatisfied.

Jewel Stories (Minnie Young. Poole) are very worthy and amusing didactic tales. It is sad to think that young ladies are sometimes prigs, like Ethel in "Diamond." Here their sin is set forth in a very clear light. "Ruby" chastises a vice which we had believed not to exist among girls—jealousy of their cousins. If any girls suspect themselves of too much love of jewelry, and of a disposition to envy their neighbours, let them read "Ruby." There are certainly boys as mean as Dangerfield in "Pearl," but they are more common in fictions by ladies than at school. Every one must sympathize with the hero of "Opal," who got no briefs, "lived on what he made by writing," and therefore "often had only one meal a day," and had to sew on his own buttons.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume (G. Bell) is still all that this old and favourite collection of schoolroom literature ought to be. Quite great girls no doubt read the novelette of the Revolution ("Through Rough Waters") with pleasure. Aunt Judy instructs her subscribers in botany and helps them to do acts of charity, while she diverts them with drawing-room plays and edifies them by very sound criticism of the literature intended for children.

The Boys of Westonbury (Rev. H. Adams. Routledge) is a story of the monitorial system. As the system varies in kind in every separate school, it is impossible to pronounce a general verdict on it. It may be an excellent thing at Rugby, and another name for the vilest bullying at Dotheboys Hall. One does not care to read about lads who beat each other with hair-brushes, pull out hair by handfuls, give "sharp cuts with canes," "ringing boxes on the ear," "heavy kicks," and so forth. "Was he much damaged?" asked Poole. "It depends on what you call much," said Wilkie. "He was cut clean off his legs, and his head and shoulders were a mass of bruises, if that will do." All these adventures are supposed to have happened forty years ago. The same sort of thing goes on still, here and there; but the worst sort of bullying is that of the fourth-form boys, who, conceiving that one of their number is "a brute," take a moral delight in tormenting him. Masters are wonderfully clever at shutting their eyes on these enormities, which boys commit with impunity, while among men they are confined to roughs, and are punished by terms of hard labour.

The Ladies' Treasury (Mrs. Warren. Bemrose) contains romances, remedies for gout, designs for needlework, and a biography of Dr. Schliemann. The Doctor "was glad of a place at a hundred dollars a year," but the potatoes and herrings are judiciously omitted this time. Dr. Schliemann said, "I will marry the first lady I can see who can recite the *Odyssey*," and he did more—he did it. "A fair Greek girl presented herself uninvited," and recited the *Odyssey*; at least she "fulfilled to his satisfaction the solitary condition." This is deeply interesting, and the *Ladies' Treasury* deserves its name, if irrelevant and—may we say?—impertinent gossip is esteemed by ladies.

We have also received the Christmas numbers of the *Graphic* and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Monthly Packet*, and the bound volumes of the *Sunday at Home*. The *Graphic* contains many gay and cheerful designs in colour, which will brighten the walls of the schoolroom. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's name among the writers will attract many readers to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The *Sunday at Home* is as sterling as ever, and as well suited to beguile the leisure of persons prevented from going to church.

We have received the useful Diaries of Messrs. Bemrose; and the most odorous and brilliantly coloured Christmas Cards of Mr. Cadman.

There are also lying before us:—*The Catacombs of Rome* (T. Nelson and Sons); *The Shepherd of Ardunvir* (S.P.C.K.); *Good Out of Evil* and *Aunt Emma's Christmas Book* (T. Nelson); *Little Mercy* (M. J. Franc. Sampson Low); *Conjuring and Magic* (Hoffman. Routledge), a useful guide to this art; *The Secret of Wrexford* (E. Carr. Griffith and Farran). Messrs. De La Rue's very graceful Christmas Cards deserve a somewhat fuller notice, which we defer to another occasion.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

LE CIEL.—Cinquième édition (Amédée Guillemin. Hachette).

This is, as the preface informs the reader, not a mere reissue, nor even a revised and enlarged edition of a work which has been deservedly popular in all countries. A great part of the book has been recast, without, however, any alteration or modification of its general scheme and form. The author has been careful to adhere to his original plan of conveying some knowledge of astronomy in terms as clear and simple as can be found, and obtaining the best possible illustrations of the phenomena with which he deals. What change has been made in the work is due to the greater knowledge which has been gained since it was first composed; and this is especially noticeable with regard to the spectroscopic, the theory of comets, and the transit of Venus. For the rest, the value of M. Guillemin's work is so well known already that it would be superfluous to say anything about it here. We may, however, observe that the author has followed up with singular happiness his idea of "la méthode si naturelle de l'enseignement qui consiste à parler aux yeux par la représentation ou l'image des phénomènes." To say nothing of Mr. Warren de la Rue's admirable lunar pictures which are here reproduced, some of the original drawings, notably that of Donati's comet seen above Notre Dame, which serves for a frontispiece to the book, are full of beauty and attraction.

Young people who are capable of appreciating to some extent M. Guillemin's clear and careful teaching will run the less risk of getting their minds into a hopeless state of confusion between romance and science if they fall in with M. Jules Verne's history of Hector Servadac, his travels and adventures à travers le monde solaire, which is found among other stories in the 25th and 26th volumes of the *Magasin d'éducation et de récréation* (Hetzel). M. Servadac, who like a good Gascon swears *mordieux* to emphasize his utterances, finds himself, on the eve of fighting a duel, the ostensible cause for which is a discussion about Rossini and Herr Wagner, transported to the surface of a new asteroid. Here, after much bewilderment, he falls in with other people of various nationalities, including two English officers, Brigadier Hénage Finch Murphy and Major Sir John Temple Oliphant, who give evidence of their nationality by never appearing in mufti, and by prefacing their assertions with the exclamation "By St. George," which shows that M. Verne is not so well up in British as in Gascon oaths and customs. The author has lost none of his trick of exciting interest, and there is a pleasing audacity in his bringing his characters back to earth again at the very spot where they left it by means of a balloon.

Histoire de mes ascensions: récit de vingt-quatre voyages aériens (Gaston Tissandier. Maurice Dreyfous). This is a work of great interest and value, which treats seriously and scientifically of ballooning. M. Tissandier prefixes to his personal experiences an account of the early history of ballooning, beginning with the first ascent of a Montgolfier balloon made at Annonay in 1783, of which ascent a graphic sketch is given. There are also representations of various flying-machines which brought destruction upon their unhappy inventors. We learn from M. Tissandier that balloons were employed for military purposes as early as 1793, when Chanal, in command of the besieged town of Condé, sent out despatches in a paper balloon, which unfortunately lighted in the enemy's camp. At Maubeuge, however, Coutelle made excellent use of his balloon "L'Entrepreneur," from which, while it was kept captive by soldiers who dragged on the cords, he observed the movements of the Austrian troops, some of whom were so struck by superstitious terror that they fell on their knees and addressed prayers to the floating sphere. Later on, in the face of immense difficulties, the aeronaut travelled from Maubeuge to Charleroi in the same balloon. M. Tissandier's own experience of military ballooning in the Franco-Prussian war must have been full of a dangerous excitement, although, as he says, he and his brother had only the honour of receiving "une simple fusillade," as Herr Krupp had not at that time manufactured the curious "mousquet à ballon," which he later devised, with what seems a horrible ingenuity, for bringing balloons and their passengers down to earth, with a well-aimed shot, in the midst of their career. A more melancholy interest attaches to M. Tissandier's relation of the daring and disastrous voyage undertaken two years ago by himself, Sivel, and Crocé-Spinelli, which ended in the death of his two companions and his own hair-breadth escape. M. Tissandier describes the curious mental and physical state produced on reaching a height of 7,500 mètres as having in it no sense of pain or of the danger which in his case was imminent:—"On monte; et on est heureux de monter." The book is full of excellent illustrations by M. Albert Tissandier, the writer's brother.

It has been said that the French, having comparatively little of the travelling mania which possesses Englishmen and Americans, are the more delighted with the works in which such of their countrymen as overrun the world record their experiences. However this may be, there is a larger proportion of books of travel among those which we are now considering than will be found in an English list of the same kind. We have, to begin with, two volumes for 1876 and 1877 of *Le tour du monde* (Hachette). In the first volume we are taken through Dalmatia, the Pacific, California and Utah, Tuscany, Africa, China, and Armenia. In the second we have more of Africa, and something of Greece,

Mongolia, and the Pampas. It will be seen that the arrangement aims more at variety than classification. The text is for the most part lively; and the illustrations, though they hardly fulfil the sounding promise of the title-page, serve their purpose well enough.

Travels of another cast are related in M. Armand Lapointe's *Les déserts africains* (Plon). The hero, Jean Finfin, runs away to sea, and of course becomes lieutenant of the ship in which he has concealed himself. Thrown on the coast of Africa, he makes friends with a monkey six feet high, whom he saves from a horrible death by cutting a boa-constrictor in two with one blow of his sabre, and whose accomplishments are far superior even to those of the late lamented Pongo; and at a further stage of his career with an elephant whose disposition is in pleasant contrast to that which Mr. Charles Reade would have us believe is natural to elephants. Aided by these friends, Jean Finfin comes safely through many exciting and appalling dangers, one of which, an initiation into a savage tribe by braving various perils of earth, fire, and water, seems to show that M. Lapointe is not unacquainted with Moore's *Epicurean*. Jean Finfin ends by becoming a king, and the author recommends readers who have any doubts as to the truth of his history to go to his kingdom of Nimigi and make inquiries for the king and his two clever companions. The book will be found to bear out the assertion made in a half preface, half advertisement, which accompanies it:—"La mère peut sans crainte en permettre la lecture à sa fille, et l'homme grave s'y attardera sans trop perdre son temps."

Herr Lorentz Frölich's drawings of child life have long been famous for their tender simplicity and fun; and one of the series under the title of *Mlle. Lili aux eaux* (Hetzl) is now presented with a French text. Both in the letterpress by M. Stahl and in the drawings the tiny events which in child life represent the shifting trials and excitements of later years are reproduced with a charming fidelity and appreciation of their importance to Mlle. Lili and the many children who will read of them and look at them with delight.

The same artist has furnished the drawings for "Nous n'irons plus au bois" and "Monsieur de la Palisse," which under the title of *Chansons et rondes de l'enfance* are published by the same firm. Of M. de la Palisse it is related that,

Dès son bas âge il donnait
L'exemple le plus honnête,
N'étant jamais son bonnet
Sans se découvrir la tête.
Il fut si respectueux
Envers son père et sa mère
Qu'il resta moins âgé qu'eux
Jusqu'au bout de leur carrière.

To the same series belong *Petites sœurs et petites mamans*, *La petite devineresse*, and *M. de Crac*. The text in each instance is given by M. Stahl, but only in the first named of the three are Herr Frölich's drawings to be found. M. Froment's attempt at reproducing his style in *La petite devineresse* might be happier than it is. M. de Crac turns out to be our old friend Baron Munchausen, from whose career various incidents have been taken and assigned to a French Baron with one or two glosses to bring them up to the present date.

Histoire d'un enfant: le Petit Chose. Edition spéciale à la jeunesse (Alphonse Daudet. Hetzel). It seems that when M. Stahl read *Le Petit Chose* on its first appearance he was grieved to find that a book which contained so many things which would delight children and young people contained also some which were not fitted for maidens and boys. When he saw M. Daudet he found that his grief was shared by the author, who begged him to undertake the task of so rearranging the book that it could not call a blush to the cheek of the youngest person. The result is this special illustrated edition. M. Stahl has done his work of cutting down as well as such work can be done, and M. Daudet's writing has the charm of his style and narrative power. At the same time we must confess that the book is among the very last we should give to any healthy-minded child or "young person" to whom we wished the gift to be a source of pleasure. Whether it is the legitimate province of the novelist to wring his readers' hearts, people who are fond of novels can be trusted to judge for themselves. But we must protest against a tone of sickly tragedy being given to children's books. We are not sure that we do not prefer the old-fashioned bald brutality of the *Fairchild Family*—in which the father punished his children for a trifling squabble by making them sit for an hour underneath the corpse of a fratricide rattling in chains from a gibbet—to the insidious sentimentality of *Le Petit Chose*. From the day when he loses his favourite parrot to that on which his brother and protector dies, M. Daudet's hero is a tragic little figure, who has, however, so many contemptible qualities that he ought not to engage the affection of any well-disposed child who reads his adventures. His sufferings no doubt are many; but after a certain time he alone is responsible for them. It may also be observed that, as the brother who sacrifices everything for him dies, leaving *Le Petit Chose* to marry the girl whom he himself had loved, and live happily ever afterwards, the moral to be drawn from the book is of doubtful tendency. M. Daudet began the book intending it for children; but as he went on its character changed to such an extent that we cannot think M. Stahl was discreet in attempting to wrest it back to its original purpose.

Among various other volumes issued by the same firm, we may for the present notice a collection from M. Victor Hugo's poems of child-life, collected by M. Stahl and called *Le livre des*

mères: les enfants, and *Chiens et chats* twenty-four drawings of cat and dog life, by M. Eugène Lambert. The collection from the great poet's works has been made for the reading of mothers rather than of children, although it would have been easy enough to fill a small volume with pieces in which children would delight. This, however, may be done at some future occasion. M. Lambert's cats and dogs are very lifelike and amusing.

The great Dumas's stories of his many pets (*Histoire de mes bêtes*. Calmann Lévy), which have for years past amused readers who care about animal life, now appear printed in deliciously clear large type and accompanied by illustrations. M. Bertali's clever pencil has been employed to furnish drawings for *Le capitaine Pamphile*, another well-known minor work of the great novelist, published also at the Librairie Lévy.

Le neveu de l'oncle Placide. Première partie (Girardin. Hachette). M. J. Girardin has here given us the first part of a story of travel and adventure in which there is plenty of excitement and humorous incident. Humour of another kind will be found in Mme. Emma d'Erwin's *Heur et malheur* (same publishers), a story of a quieter cast, which may be safely recommended to "les jeunes filles sérieuses" and "les petits garçons vifs et curieux," and which has the merit of ending with a happy marriage.

From the same firm come the second series of *Scènes historiques*, par Mme. de Witt (née Guizot), illustrated by A. Marie and "Sahib," and a collection of three stories by M. Ch. Dealessy, called *Courage et Dévouement. Histoire de trois jeunes filles*. The stories are dashed with the right quantity of excitement, and the illustrations are well up to the mark.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE history of so-called Comic Art* compiled by Mr. James Parton is one of those pretentious specimens of book-making rather than authorship which are not so common in the United States as in England. It contains little or nothing that is new, and not much that can be interesting or instructive to well-read Englishmen. By far the larger part of the volume is occupied by mere examples of caricature or satire, often of a low order, from modern English, American, French, and German newspapers. Such accounts of ancient caricature as it does afford are derived from familiar sources, and add scarcely a scrap of new information to that which may be found in volumes accessible to all the world. Such compilations, however, are more acceptable, and, in a certain sense, more useful, to American readers, because their education, spread over a greater variety of subjects and obtained in much larger measure than our own from mere handbooks, does little to give them a real acquaintance with the life and character of past ages or distant countries; and works of this kind fill in here and there the living outlines of that history whose dry bones only have been exhibited in a more or less disjointed condition at school and college. It is, however, a characteristic indication of deficient knowledge and appreciation even of the simplest relations between the two great races whose literature and laws, even in their decay, have nourished those of modern Europe, that Mr. Parton places Roman caricature or comic art first, and that of Greece only in the second rank. The obvious fact that the true life of Greece is older in mere chronology than that of Rome—that all Greek literature and art, as well as all those special developments of common Aryan institutions which render the study of the different phases of politics in Athens and Sparta, in Achaia and in Syracuse, so instructive as to repay years of labour, had fallen into decay before they began seriously to influence Roman civilization, which, as we know it, is little more than a kind of renaissance of the Hellenic—could hardly have been overlooked by a writer who had any true appreciation of his subject. A compiler capable of such a mistake is not the man to explain that connexion between political freedom and political caricature which is characteristic of the Greek comedy in its earliest and most classical stage, and the absence of which is equally remarkable in that later comedy whereof we have little more than Latin translations; still less he the man to distinguish between the savage, stinging satire which grew up under the merciless autocracy of the Caesars and the good-humoured, if sharp and sometimes unjust, sarcasm and ridicule caricature pervading the Aristophanic drama. The comic sketches both of Greece and Rome present a remarkable contrast to that contemporaneous literary criticism and caricature which the cleverest satirists and most successful humorists of modern times have never equalled, certainly never surpassed. The remnants of ancient comic drawing that have come down to us are little better than scratches on dead walls or doorways, most of which hardly rise above the level of those chalked by street boys at the present day, and were probably of similar character and origin; and it is at least doubtful whether either free Greece or Imperial Rome possessed anything in this line of a much higher character, anything in painting or sculpture bearing such a relation to the comedies of Aristophanes or the Satires of Juvenal as the illustrations of *Punch* or the *Charivari* bear even to their text. Evidently Mr. Parton is not at his ease in these earlier chapters, nor yet in those which deal with the artistic caricature of mediæval times—a very rich field indeed for the researches of a thorough scholar.

* Caricature, and other Comic Art, in All Times and Many Lands. By James Parton. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

He is much more at home when he comes to treat of the present century, as is apparent from the space allotted to European and American newspapers, to Gavarni, Leech, Tenniel, and their literary colleagues. That he should complain of the manner in which the American Civil War was treated by an English journal which distinctly took the side of the South when once it was clear that the quarrel was not between slavery and Abolitionism, but was waged for empire on the one side and for national independence on the other, is no more than was to be expected. Perhaps the principal lesson to be drawn from his pages is the evidence afforded of the high standing of England in a kind of art which is especially and inseparably connected with political thought, and consequently with political liberty. The party satire of France is not always wanting in point and effect; but both the illustrations and the text of French comic journals are coarse and unscrupulous to a degree which would not have been tolerated in this country during the fiercest of party struggles. The brutal insults heaped by a section of the Republican press on a fallen Sovereign, on a lady of stainless character, and on a harmless child, forcibly illustrate the venomous temper of French political conflict, a temper savage and unscrupulous beyond anything that English feeling would ever have permitted. German caricature and political satire are marked by the characteristic heaviness and dryness of German thought; and, to borrow a worn-out metaphor of whose triteness our author is not ashamed, resemble the ponderous gambols of an elephant. Considering how much true and dry humour pervades American literature generally, it is surprising to find how completely all American satiric journalism has failed. *Punch*, indeed, stands alone as a successful and at the same time thoroughly decent example of comic political journalism, despite the marked decline both in humour and in force which no one, remembering or referring to the earlier volumes, can fail to perceive. The first successful English enterprise of the kind is still the only one, and still stands as free from American vulgarity and French brutality as from German dullness.

Several Transatlantic Blue-books deserve at least a passing notice, though none of those before us belong to that class of Reports which, as we have often said, fall within the domain of literature properly so called. The account of the Philadelphia Exhibition furnished to the Canadian Government*, though limited in its scope, is interesting to English readers precisely because it treats the achievements of American art and industry, especially in the department of education, from a strictly Canadian point of view. A Report, again, on the Census of Rhode Island† brings out at least one interesting and important fact to which, as bearing gravely on the future of the United States, we have more than once directed attention. Except the Cotton States of the South—and even among these Texas has a strong attraction, at least for German immigrants—no part of the Union would seem less alluring to settlers from Europe than the States of New England; and among these Rhode Island is certainly one of the least inviting. Yet even in Rhode Island, as in the other North-Eastern States, with their bitter climate and unpromising soil, immigration exercises a social and political influence of the highest importance. There is a steady and very notable increase in the percentage of population recorded in the census as of foreign birth, and an evident tendency in this element to grow and gain ground at the expense of the native American portion of the people. It is not only that the foreign element is constantly swelling by actual immigration, but that the immigrants are evidently much more prolific than the natives. We have indicated, as clearly as the nature of the subject and the amount of information obtainable permit, the causes which affect injuriously the multiplication of the native-born American people of New England. Comparatively few of these belong to what we should call the lower classes; yet the great majority are not in exactly easy circumstances. They are raised by education, and by the independence characteristic even of peasant proprietors or of city shopkeepers, above the level of that class which cares nothing, and has no great reason to care, how fast its numbers multiply, seeing that in the vast area of the Union there must always be for generations to come a demand for labour larger than any possible supply. To that lowest class of a population almost exempt from the curse of pauperism children are no burden, since at a very early age they are able either to earn their own living out of doors, or at least to liberate from domestic employment elder brothers and sisters who can do so. The immigrants belong in so large a proportion to this class that we need not be surprised if the special influences which, in America as in France, though with less reason in the former country, check the multiplication of a race of small landowners fail to operate upon them. But the native-born New Englander is seldom a labourer. As a peasant-farmer, a shopkeeper, or as belonging to a still higher social rank, he finds a numerous family quite as inconvenient as it could be in England. Service is very dear and very bad. Domestic help is hardly within the means of that lower middle class to which the large majority of the native-born population belong; and, when it can be had, the Irish servant girls on whom the mistress must depend are so troublesome, shiftless, and

insolent that no mistress of an English home once acquainted with them would feel any surprise at the reluctance of her American sisters to have anything to do with them. The matrons of New England are therefore for the most part obliged to do the work of their own homes with no help, or with very much less than English women of the same rank would think sufficient; and every additional child entails upon the mother serious additions to a burden already almost too great for her strength. Moreover, the tastes and education of no small proportion of these matrons lead them to aspire to be more than mere nurses and housekeepers, and render them seriously discontented with the absorbing home duties to which Englishwomen, save in the highest ranks, contentedly devote themselves. We have heretofore had occasion to touch upon some of the more direct domestic mischiefs of this state of things; but the volumes of the census from decade to decade indicate more and more clearly the political dangers involved. If social equality and political democracy of the extreme American type are to work safely, they must be worked by a people rendered intelligent by hereditary education, and conservative by the possession of property. In proportion as the Irish and German immigrants become a more and more powerful element in the Northern States, the social dangers which threaten the political stability of the Republic—dangers of which the recent railway strikes afford a signal example—become more and more serious, and the power to repress them less certain and less easily and confidently used. The stability of social order and political freedom in America depends mainly on the native-born American farmers, who as yet constitute, in most States north of the Potomac, the governing power and the preponderant physical force. The influence of New England in the councils of the North is in almost equal measure a conservative element, a source of strength and stability. But both these foundations of order and safety are constantly weakened by the rapid multiplication of the foreign and the comparatively slow growth of the native-born population; facts evident in the census even of Rhode Island, and still more apparent in that of almost every other North-Eastern community.

Another Blue-book which deserves mention deals with the commercial statistics of the Union, and the most interesting sections are those which treat of the position and prospects of the railway interest.* It is curious to note that, despite the entirely different conditions and circumstances of their origin, despite the utterly diverse state of the two countries, the great American Railway Companies have passed, or are passing, through the same experiences as their English congeners. The process of amalgamation by which the great trunk lines have been formed has proved profitable and practicable up to a certain point with the vast distances of America as with the comparatively trifling length of English routes. But it has been found that a point is reached, and may soon be reached, at which this process ceases to answer; and that, above all, the absorption of branch lines very soon ceases to be advantageous. *A priori* it would seem to be the interest of a central route to control its feeders; but experience shows, in America at least, that the competition of rival lines for the traffic which these feeders can supply is a danger trivial in comparison with the mischief which is entailed, on the one hand, by the necessity of giving to the branches an adequate share of the profits derived chiefly from the general or through traffic, and, on the other, by that tendency to give a special preference to lines under their own control which is necessarily characteristic of a system under which the local branches are the property of the Company commanding the through routes. On the whole, it appears to be the conviction of the best and most experienced railway managers in America, that the process of amalgamation has been carried as far as is desirable; and that it is the interest especially of the greater Companies to confine themselves as closely as possible to their proper business as owners of great public highways. English railways have not yet found it expedient to favour the conduct of freight business by independent Companies; but this, which our lines consider the most lucrative part of their business, is undertaken to a very large extent in America by what are called "express" Companies, independent of and unconnected with the railways; and this division of labour and responsibility is thought to conduce to the advantage of the railways as well as to the interests of the public.

Mr. Leeds's *History of the United States*† is one of those American school-books with which we have repeatedly found serious fault. The attempt, characteristic of the entire system of American education, to cover a very extensive area of study, leading as it does to the spreading of a thin veneer of knowledge over a wide surface of general ignorance, characterizes also each individual branch of learning. Even the one subject in which, as citizens likely to take a constant and practical interest in politics, American schoolboys might be expected to be somewhat more deeply and thoroughly instructed, is taught in a superficial and slovenly fashion of which a work like this affords a striking example. The most interesting and critical episodes of American history, brief as is the period it covers, and uneventful as many parts of that short period are, have to be crowded into a small space in order to allow room for a mention of every important con-

* *Special Report on the Ontario Educational Exhibit, and the Educational Features of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876.* By J. George Hodgkins, LL.D., Deputy Minister. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1877.

† *Report upon the Census of Rhode Island, 1875.* By Edwin M. Snow, M.D., Superintendent of the Census. Providence: Providence Press Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

* *First Annual Report of the Internal Commerce of the United States.* By Joseph Nimmo, Junior. For the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1876. Washington: Government Printing House. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

† *A History of the United States of America.* By Josiah W. Leeds. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1877.

tribution to a story whose thread connects itself at one point or another with so many distinct tributary lines—with French and Spanish, as well as with English colonization. We may mention, as a specimen of the manner in which even the most recent and exciting incidents are slurred over, that the name of Stonewall Jackson is barely mentioned in the record of the Civil War, that the critical battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg are severally disposed of in three or four lines, and that the death of the most distinguished and perhaps most interesting personage who stands out as a striking figure from the background of the military narrative is not even mentioned in the account of the former conflict. A History of England which should not name Hampden or Rupert would be less signally deficient in that personal interest which, after all, is the chief charm of history, which gives it half its intellectual value, and fixes its facts on the youthful mind, than a history of the American Union which does not mention the fall at Chancellorsville of the soldier to whose loss the South was inclined to attribute in great measure her final defeat, and whose fall certainly coincided with, if it did not produce, a signal change in the military fortunes of the struggle.

American sensitiveness to European opinion would have accounted at any time for the delivery, in the principal cities of the Old World, of a series of lectures on this or that aspect of the Federal Constitution, the merits of Transatlantic democracy, and the virtues of that social equality and those Republican institutions to which American lecturers and writers are prone to attribute the prosperity which they really owe to the exceptional combination of an unlimited extent of fertile territory with the vast resources that science and experience have given to a civilized people. As a rule, the principal, if not the only, check on the tendency of American travellers to deliver such discourses is the difficulty of finding an audience. Dr. Joseph Thompson does not tell us how many admirers of America cared to attend his addresses* at London, Paris, and Berlin respectively; nor does this much signify, so long as he can achieve in his own country the credit of having vindicated her before Europe on the special point upon which her sensitiveness and political susceptibility are at present concentrated. Since the War of Secession, the paramount anxiety of Northern politicians has been to satisfy European opinion that the United States are really a nation, and not a Confederacy, a *Bundes-staat*, and not a *Staaten-Bund*. As in most other cases, this special susceptibility proves a consciousness of a weak point. The Civil War directed the attention of European jurists and politicians to those characteristics of the Federal Constitution of which they had remained up to the time of its outbreak contentedly ignorant; and none of these was more easily and immediately discernible than the sovereign character of the States, and the absence of any real sovereign or supreme power in the central Government. The authority of the latter was limited to special powers conferred upon it by the Constitution. All the other powers of government being reserved to the States, these alone possessed in the last resort that absolute unlimited power which is the essential characteristic of sovereignty. They moreover individually, and not the Union collectively, had been recognized as sovereign and independent by the treaty with Great Britain at the close of the revolutionary war. Whatever of true national character and sovereign power the Federal Government now possesses rests, not on the Constitution, but on the concessions wrung from the States most jealous of State rights on fifty battle-fields, and confirmed by the surrender of the Confederate armies. To evade or slur over the vital facts of American history seems to be throughout the principal endeavour of Dr. Thompson; and nothing is to be learned from a work like this, which shows, not even how much may be said on the wrong side, but how inaccurately a case originally weak may be presented to an ignorant or indifferent world.

Political economy is perhaps less understood in the United States than any other important branch of knowledge; and the unsound views always prevalent among the working classes on questions affecting the relations of Government to trade and industry exercise a more formidable influence on politics in America than anywhere else. It is therefore a satisfaction to see in nearly every collection of American books some new and popular treatise on practical questions of national economy. The fallacies of Protection have not often been more simply and clearly exposed than in Professor Sumner's brief, terse, and practical Lectures†; and if any illustrations coming home to different classes in their own special occupations, and appealing most pointedly to the agriculturists who form the dominant political element in the Northern States, could convince the majority that Protection simply taxes them for the benefit of the few, the arguments of this little volume—stated as they are, not in the abstract, but in terms of the special loss sustained by each separate class of producers from the tariff which compels them to give a larger quantity of staple produce for each article of protected manufacture—might convert a nation to the plain principles of common sense and free commerce.

Dr. Sturtevant's *Economics*‡ may be useful in the same way and in a somewhat wider sphere. The number of small elementary works

of this kind produced by the comparatively limited section of educated Americans who really understand the subject testifies to the difficulty of inducing their countrymen, and even the students of their colleges and universities, to give anything like adequate attention to the subject. While there exist several English and French works of first-rate character and authority by no means too elaborate or too difficult to form the groundwork of a thorough study of economic science, the publication for the benefit of students of such mere handbooks as the present indicates that works like that of Mr. Mill—works which every Englishman of culture considers it his duty to read and re-read—make demands on the time and care of American scholars greater than they are willing or can afford to meet. While such is the mood of those who receive the highest education that American colleges, at least in the West and South, can give, it is not wonderful that the public ignorance and perversity should be so complete and absolute as they are.

Though by no means so generally observed in America as here, and certainly not exercising so marked an influence on the publishing trade, Christmas is recognized by American booksellers as a suitable occasion for the production of new works of the lighter class, and especially of elaborate editions of standard works. To the former class belongs *The Cross above the Crescent**, a missionary romance distinguished by all the faults characteristic of the missionary temper, and possessing few of the attractions common to fictions whose scene is laid in countries familiar to the author, and interesting, because unfamiliar, to his readers. Of the latter class we find favourable examples in a Christmas edition of *The Scarlet Letter*†, in beautifully illustrated drawing-room editions of Longfellow's *Excelsior*‡, of Whittier's *River Path*§, and Aldrich's *Baby Bell*||, and in a collection of four well-known poems under the title of *Christmastide*¶. Mr. Stedman's volume of verse, taking its title from a tribute paid to the memory of one of the least national of great American writers**, possesses neither special literary merit nor characteristic American humour, and scarcely rises above that level of mediocrity which is proverbially fatal to poetic aspirations.

* *The Cross above the Crescent: a Romance of Constantinople.* By the Rev. Horatio Southgate, D.D. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1877.

† *The Scarlet Letter.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

‡ *Excelsior.* By Henry W. Longfellow. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

§ *The River Path.* By John G. Whittier. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

|| *Baby Bell.* By Thomas Aldrich. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

¶ *Christmastide: Four Famous Poems by Favourite American Poets.* Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

** *Hawthorne; and other Poems.* By Edmund C. Stedman. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Lectures on the Centennial of American Independence.* By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

† *Lectures on the History of Protection in the United States.* By W. G. Sumner, Professor in Yale College. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Economics; or, the Science of Wealth.* By Julian M. Sturtevant, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Political Economy. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

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